

The Grail



That men-man line

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The Grail

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THE GRAIL

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COMMANDER IN CHIEF

—Acme Newspictures

This edition of **THE GRAIL**, our tribute to the most valiant and best trained army in our country's history, we proudly dedicate to our President and Commander in chief, who will always be remembered by grateful mankind as the Savior of human liberty in a crucial era of rapine and plunder.

Dear Readers of The Grail

The Monks of our Abbey at St. Meinrad have taken a profound interest in this dreadful war. Our monastic prayers have gone forth to the front with our Soldiers, amongst whom are many that are near and dear. Several of our own Monks and many of our Seminary Alumni have gone into the ranks as Chaplains. Over a hundred of the graduates of our Marmion Military Academy are serving as officers in the army. By turns we fast and abstain and pray that God may speed the day of victory and peace. Each week our Seminary Mission Unit offers a Mass for all the men in service; each day our Seminarians of the S.D.C. voluntarily undertake personal sacrifices for the defenders of our liberty. After all, these are the men that bear the brunt of battle. They deserve all the help we can give them.

The intelligent Christian citizen knows that, to win this war and peace, we must to a certain extent merit it and be worthy of it. It is futile to fight an enemy unless our victory over him brings higher moral standards to the top. Our first aim should be to become worthy of a victory. How distressing it was lately to learn that a large relief organization included in Christmas packages to our Soldiers a very indecent picture. How insulting it was to find in one of our big picture magazines a liberal supply of photographs of American Soldiers and hula girls in intimate embrace. Upright parents do not wish to see their sons thus prepare for battle.

In this issue of THE GRAIL we feel both fortunate and happy to be able to supply to our Soldiers and their fellow countrymen a source of comfort and consolation. How soothing it will be especially to their Mothers and Fathers to learn the proper Christian viewpoint and attitude towards military service. If heaven must be reached by passage through a valley of tears, it is evident that there must be some trouble and struggle and fight. A Church Militant must have some form of Christian military service. What say the philosophers of old? What say the Scriptures? What does the Master teach? And what do we learn from His Church? Read the following pages for the answers. They are all from the pens of Benedictine Monks, men of discipline taught along rather military lines laid down in the fourteen-centuries-old Rule of St. Benedict. Made especially for this number is the Soldier's Way of the Cross, the unique work of our Benedictine Artist from the Abbey of Mont Cesar in Louvain, Belgium. This series of pictures will give you an entirely new slant on the relation between the Soldier and his Savior.

We are eager to spread this edition of THE GRAIL far and wide, because we sincerely believe it will help much to improve the standards of our warfare. The Fathers and Mothers of our Soldiers will be grateful for this issue of THE GRAIL. Also, our Soldiers and all our Country will have reason to be grateful to these Fathers and Mothers if each night before retiring they will turn towards the camps of their sons to send them their parental blessing. What a mantle of protection for the men that fight our battles and win our war! May God bless them and their good Parents!

With Prayer for Victory

Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.

Abbot



MILITARY LIFE



SYMBOL OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION

MILITARY LIFE

Symbol of Christian Perfection*

WAR NEWS, maneuvers and tactics, military mechanism—these topics are the fuel which fire and keep whirling the mental dynamos of men's minds throughout the world today. But for the most part the seemingly momentous communications and reports are of a fluctuating, if not a transient, nature. Tactics and maneuvers are constantly being altered and improved as war front positions change. Mechanism once thought perfect becomes outmoded when relentless ingenuity designs more proficient and more deadly weapons.

In the following treatise on things military there is an attempt to delete the ephemeral and to dig down deep to the fundamental factors concerning the concept of military life in Catholic cultural and religious thought. Since our very human existence is a constant struggle on both a natural and a supernatural plane, at a time when millions of men are actually in military uniform and waging war in a very real way, the topic "Military Life—a Symbol of Christian Perfection" would appear to be especially apropos. The following explanation does not pretend to be complete; rather it is only an introduction and an indication that may help the reader to come to a still deeper comprehension of this interesting subject. Although there are numberless ways in which such a topic as this might be viewed, military life is here considered as treated in the writings of the ancient philosophers, the Old and the New Testament, and the liturgy of the Church, together with its significance for the monk, the laity in general and the soldier in particular.

MILITARY LIFE AND THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS

Not only Holy Scripture and the Catholic Church, but even the ancient philosophers recognized the valuable symbolism which is connected with the ideal life of a good soldier and the perfect order of a regular army. Among the ancient philosophers Socrates holds a place of distinctive prominence. In his *Apology*, as recorded by Plato, Socrates recounts that he had been a soldier in his youth. As a soldier he was absolutely forbidden to desert the post on which he had been placed by the Athenian generals, for there he had to persevere, withstanding all dangers, even to the forfeiting of his life.

In the farewell address to his friends, shortly before drinking the fatal hemlock, he said:

Now I am facing very unjust accusations from my enemies and the sentence of death. I am never allowed to forsake the place in which, according to my conviction, God has placed me. When God established a "military front" He gave me the order to act like a philosopher and to examine myself and others. Neither for fear of death nor for any other reasons would I be justified in leaving my post in God's army.¹

The Greek military expressions that Socrates uses in this passage indicate that Socrates considered his life and activity as a philosopher a matter of obedience to a divine commander. His death "in action" would therefore be the heroic action of a God-fearing soldier. It is evident, then, that his concept of military life took on a religious character.

Even before Socrates, Philolaus, being acquainted with the mystical doctrines of the Pythagoreans, had taught: "We human beings are, so to say, performing the service of a sentry; no one should relieve himself or quit his post."²

Cicero reasserted this Pythagorean doctrine in his *De Senectute*: "Aged men should neither look forward eagerly to the short remainder of their life nor quit it without a sufficient reason; Pythagoras also forbids anyone to leave the watch of life without the order of the commander"—that is, of God.³ From these texts we can infer that ancient philosophers condemned suicide as an infamous flight from the army of God.

In the cult of the Mysteries of Mithras, those initiated to the third degree were called *Milites*, that is, soldiers; likewise in the Mysteries of Mani, the neophytes were designated as warriors. In this case the metaphor "military service" clearly designated the religious relations between those worshipping Mithras and Mithras himself.

It was, above all others, the philosophical school of the Stoa that gave import to the axiom: "To live is to be a soldier."⁴ Plato in the first book of *The Laws* had likewise given a certain moral sense to the idea of man's military service in life when he stated that every man has to fight against himself—that is, against the evil passions which he dis-

* This article is available in pamphlet form. Order from THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind. Price 5¢.

covers in himself. The Stoics, Seneca and Epictetus, however, applied the expression to all the difficulties and hardships of human life.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE MILITARY CHARACTER OF LIFE

Well-known is the saying of Job: "The life of man upon earth is a warfare."⁶ Much like the above quoted words of Socrates and Plato, this sentence has a moral sense as well as a religious. It illustrates the relation of man to his divine Creator in the same way as the other words of Job: "All the days in which I am now in warfare, I expect until my change." It should be noted that "change" in its philological context signifies the alteration of sentry-watch in military life. "All the days in which I am now in warfare, I expect until my change come."⁷ But against what enemies has he to fight? "The terrors of the Lord war against me."⁷ And again he complains with God. "Thou... multiplieth thy wrath upon me, and pains war against me."⁸

One cannot but be deeply impressed by sentiments such as these, for God Himself is said to be a fighter who uses the weapons of His omnipotence against his creatures. This in turn brings to mind the significant passage concerning the wrestling of the patriarch Jacob with the angel sent by God:

Behold a man wrestled with him till morning. And when he saw that he could not overcome him, he touched the sinew of his thigh, and forthwith it shrank. And he said to him: Let me go, for it is break of day. He answered: I will not let thee go except thou bless me. And he said: Thy name shall not be called Jacob, but Israel: for if thou hast been strong against God, how much more shalt thou prevail against men.⁹

It is well to be mindful of the fact that here we are dealing with the Old Testament and recounting times far distant from the days in which God's infinite charity wanted to manifest itself in His Incarnate Son. For the Jews of old, God was an awe-inspiring Lord, so to say, and of necessity frightening on account of the devastating wrath to which He was provoked by all that was in any way sinful.

Thus the life of every saintly man who still has his weaknesses can be termed, in a sense, a self-defense against God. God is supposed to make use of the different forms of his power in order to test the saint's obedience and patience. The saint, on the other hand, can protect himself against God by the shield of humility and at the same time can attack his divine adversary by clasping him with

the arms of filial confidence. We know that many Christian saints, being mystically endowed, sighed because it seemed that God was overwhelming them by the power of His divine love.

According to Holy Scripture, the life of an evil man is also a fight against God. But in this case "fight" is to be understood in a greatly different sense. In the Second Book of *Paralipomenon* it is stated: "Therefore God is the leader of our army, and his priests who sound with trumpets, and resound against you; O children of Israel, fight not against the Lord the God of your fathers, for it is not good for you."¹⁰ In the Book of *Wisdom* we read: "And his [God's] zeal will take armour, and he will arm the creature for the revenge of his enemies. He will put on justice as a breastplate, and will take true judgment instead of a helmet. He will take equity for an invincible shield. And he will sharpen his severe wrath for a spear, and the whole world shall fight with him against the unwise."¹¹

According to the Old Testament the reward will be indescribable for those who during life have been holy soldiers, that is, who have wrestled with God in order to extort His blessing from Him. "Therefore shall they receive a kingdom of glory and a crown of beauty at the hand of the Lord: for with his right hand he will cover them, and with his holy arm he will defend them."¹² From all that has thus far been said it follows that the Jews certainly thought that man had been placed by God on a battlefield—not on a playground! The aim of man must be, therefore, to become a strong and victorious soldier and not a cowardly fugitive. Sheer hedonism, moral laxity, as well as false religious quietism are erroneous philosophies of life; and, as is evident, they have no foundation in the best writings of either pagan or Jewish antiquity.

THE NEW TESTAMENT AND THINGS MILITARY

Let us now consider what the New Testament tells us about our topic. In the Gospel military terms are mentioned for the first time when St. Luke describes the nativity of our Lord: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."¹³ This text is remarkable in many regards; it opens up a vista of novel contemplation. First of all, we learn that there is an army in heaven composed of angels. The life of the angels can, therefore, be called a military service in the immediate presence of God. In Geth-

semani Jesus said to St. Peter: "Thinkest thou that I cannot ask my Father, and he will give me presently more than twelve legions of angels?"¹⁴ In the *Apocalypse* it is affirmed: "And the armies that are in heaven followed him on white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean."¹⁵ We shall see that in her liturgy the Church frequently commemorates the heavenly hosts. Why does she do this? Because the reward for our having served well on earth will consist in the permission to join the heavenly army and to occupy those places made vacant by the angels who deserted God's army.

THE LITURGY OF THE CHURCH AND MILITARY LIFE

In the *Recommendation of a Departing Soul* the Church prays: "May St. Michael, the Archangel, the chief of the heavenly host, conduct him; let the holy angels come out to meet him and carry him to the city [the citadel] of the heavenly Jerusalem." But, we may ask, is not this idea of a heavenly army rather strange? Does it not contradict that "eternal rest" which we expect in the next world? Another question may be even more remarkable. Is it not still more surprising that our Lady, who is the Queen of Angels, is said to be like an *acies bene ordinata*, "a well ordered array"?

Here it might be well to examine the very nature of an army as understood by the ancients; one might venture to say that it is still so conceived by the Church in our own days. This short explanation may help the reader to appreciate the traditional custom of Holy Church in referring to things military. For the ancient Romans—and it is from them that the Catholic Church has inherited a great portion of her cultural views—considered their army, in the first place, not as an instrument to destroy their enemies and the people of territories they wished to possess. On the contrary, the army was considered above all else as the basic factor and the imposing manifestation of the order and peace which flourished within Rome itself. This peace and order was ever the glory of the Eternal City.

It was only due to the perfect discipline within the legions themselves that the army was capable of nurturing and protecting the interior tranquility and the civilization of Rome. That civilization was called the *Pax Romana*, the "peace of Rome"; it included all the material and spiritual goods of the Latin and Greek world of the day. If "Barbarians" (that is, any nation or people outside of Rome and, as such, to the loyal Roman necessarily of a lower

civilization) had been offered the *Pax Romana* and had refused to accept it—only then did the Roman army, far from destroying the resisting people, force them by the use of the sword to accept this "peace of Rome." Now, perhaps, we can easily surmise what is the significance of the heavenly army. Its members, the angels, keep and protect the peace of the heavenly Jerusalem, to which Rome of old might be metaphorically compared. It is of this all-pervading peace in the City of God that the Church sings in the beautiful hymn of the Dedication of a Church: *Urbs Jerusalem beata, dicta pacis visio*. "City of heavenly Jerusalem, of endless peace the vision blest."

As St. Luke has written, the heavenly army on high announced to all mankind: "Peace to men of good will." This proclamation at Bethlehem was not a war cry. The war cry will be heard at the end of the world, when the angels will be ordered by God to conquer forever the satanic army which aims to undermine the peace of the Kingdom of God. Holy Church commemorates that glorious fight of the angels in the antiphon of the *Office of St. Michael*: "When the Archangel Michael will be fighting with the dragon, the voice [the war song] of a multitude will be heard crying: Salvation unto our God. Alleluia." It might be that we can now also understand more clearly why our Lady as Queen of the Angels can be compared to an army, an array. Owing to her Immaculate Conception and her absolute sinlessness, there is no disorder in her soul, but on the contrary, there is a perfect peace and harmony between the forces of grace and nature.

Here is another phrase typically militaristic: "To make booty." For the individual soldier "to make booty" may be a most desirable objective. To the general or the commander of an army, however, booty means little; his heart is longing for something else. It craves glory. To gain and retain glory is for a leader a matter of being praised now and in the future.

Let us apply this analogy to things of a spiritual nature. Since He owns everything, God, unlike the mercenary-minded soldier, does not crave any booty. But God, like the leader, enjoys the hymns and paeans of praise with which the angels glorify Him. There is even more to be mindful of. In heaven we shall not only sing with the celestial army in honor of God, but through Christ, Whose mystical body we are, we shall at the same time share in the glory of the Almighty. "Let us be numbered with Thy saints in eternal glory."¹⁶

Let us now reflect for a moment on the tremendous difference between the ancient pagan or Jewish

outlook on life as a military service and that of the Christians. In regard to the first, the axiom "To live is to be a soldier" implies a weighty obligation for man, especially if he be a follower of the Stoic philosophy, to obey the laws of human nature. The rigorism of this obligation could be offset by the hope of earthly glory and popular acclaim. Nothing, however, was known to Antiquity of a heavenly and eternal reward as it is so beautifully described in the Hymn of the breviary for the *Office of a Martyr*: "O God, thou hast been the conscriptor of Thy soldiers, and now Thou art their crown and high reward." The Christian who serves God faithfully may often, even while on earth, anticipate in a mystical way the glory which is waiting for him in heaven. Thus he endures the hardships of his military service not only in mere stoical determination but with a certain joyfulness. More important than this is the fact that the members of the heavenly army assist and protect the soldiers of God on earth in their fight against the devil and sin. Therefore we pray with Holy Church: "O God, who in Thine unspeakable providence hast deigned to send Thine Angels to guard us, grant us, we humbly beseech Thee, that we may ever be defended through their protection, and ever enjoy their company in heaven."¹ In the Middle Ages this defense and protection on the part of angels became very real; they often appeared and led Christian armies in their conquest of the infidel.

LIFE AND TEACHING OF CHRIST IN REGARD TO MILITARY LIFE

As far as is known, Our Lord never used the expression "military life" in order to characterize his own conduct of life. He may have had many reasons for not doing so. One may have been that He knew that the idea of being a strong soldier might make man prone to pride and tend to consider himself an independent source of strength; as a consequence, such a man would spurn anyone weaker than himself. The world, however, had to be redeemed by a sacrifice of atonement, and that meant that our Lord, like a lamb about to be slain, had to become meek and silent. With almost a certain boldness the statement is ventured that Christ did not redeem us so much by what was manly in His human nature as by His feminine or passive virtues—that is, by patience, humility, readiness to suffer.

Since as Christians we must share in His sacrifice, the Saviour laid down principles for our guidance; but these principles were, in a sense, diametrically contrary to the maxims of any Roman legionary. That one should be "meek and humble

of heart," "poor in spirit," "clean of heart," were admonitions that baffled, if they did not stun, not only the proud Roman but the Jewish zealot as well.

Since the sinful passions of our human nature are regarded as the root of our struggles in life, it should be noted that in the case of Jesus Christ this warfare with the lower passions is to be completely excluded. Although He certainly could and did suffer in His soul, Christ never had to struggle with Himself in order to bring His human will in harmony with the will of His Father. Even when attacked by the Pharisees and Scribes, He would not fight for the correctness of His own doctrine; His actions were far different from a would-be all-knowing and apodictical philosopher who fears his theories may not be accepted. With a sovereign superiority He proclaimed His doctrine had its source in the font of divine Wisdom itself. For Him this was sufficient.

Things changed, however, as soon as Christ had suffered His passion and had risen from the dead. Then the Christians immediately began to extol Him as the glorious Hero Who, even though allowing His enemies to persecute and to kill Him, had conquered the devil and his cohorts. "Since in awful strife death and life had met together, the leader of life, who had been dead, rules alive." This text, taken from the *Sequence* for the Mass of Easter Sunday, reflects the idea of Jesus Christ as a glorious conqueror. His military career, beginning at the very moment of His entrance into the passion, reached its climax when He allowed His soul to be separated from His body. What is more remarkable is the fact that in this case the One having the power of separating His soul from His body likewise had the power of uniting the two again. In the light of this double conquest over death and the devil, the last line of the *Easter Sequence* has even greater significance: "Hail, Thou King of victory, help and save us!" It might be well to add, though, that Satan could never be recognized by the Son of God as an adversary in the strict sense of the word. Satan was not equal to Christ, Who conquered him with a kingly, majestic calmness, even having the power of annihilating him. Thus it is far from a mere accidental coincidence that Holy Church, while beholding and venerating Christ crucified on Good Friday, should exclaim: "Thou powerful God, Thou immortal God!"

THE SAINTS AND MILITARY LIFE

Standing next to the Lord are His apostles and martyrs. They, like Himself, have fought against the devil, and, having been victorious, they are now

sharing in His glory in heaven. There is, however, a difference to be noted. They were victorious not by their own strength, as Christ was, but by the grace given them by Him. It was within their power to resist the grace to submit their human will to the will of God; but since in the realm of their soul there was such a decisive struggle and victory, the Church correctly compares the apostles and martyrs to good soldiers. It seems that she especially delights in this metaphorical idea. The following quotations will perhaps, more clearly illustrate the point:

The Apostles:

*Belli triumphales duces
Coelestis aulae milites*¹⁸

"The triumphant leaders of the war
Are the soldiers of the heavenly court."

*Perfecta Christi caritas
Mundi triumphat principem*¹⁹

The perfect charity of Christ
Triumphs over the prince of the world.

*Apostolorum gloriam
Sacra canunt solemnitas*²⁰

The sacred solemnities extol
The glory of the Apostles.

*Estote fortes in bello
et pugnate cum antiquo serpente
et accipietis regnum aeternum*²¹

Be courageous in battle
and war against the old dragon
and you will receive an everlasting kingdom.

*Victis triumphas hostibus
Victor fruens caelestibus*²²

The enemies having been overcome, thou dost
triumph
And as victor enjoy heavenly bliss.

*Gestaque fortia
Victorum genus optimum
Laureis ditantur fulgidis*²³

The heroic deeds of the saints,
The noblest kind of conquerors,
Are crowned with resplendent laurels.

*Iste sanctus pro lege Dei sui
Certavit usque ad mortem*²⁴

This saint has fought for the law
Of his God even unto death.

*Deus tuorum militum
Sors, et corona, praemium*²⁵

O God, the portion, the crown
And the reward of Thy soldiers.

This verse really contains all that can be said of the soldiers in the army of God. God has con-

scripted (*sors*) them. God is their decoration (*corona*). God is the piece of land which was allotted as a reward to the Roman veteran (*praemium*).

Many quotations of a similar character could be added. If we sum up saying that for Christians to die for Christ is a military service, it is not surprising that the Liturgy, in praising the merits of holy Confessors, Virgins, Widows, only incidentally refers to their life as a military service. For example:

*Hic confitendo jugiter,
Calcavit hostem fortiter
Superbum ac satellitem*²⁶

By continually confessing Thee
He has trampled mightily upon
The proud foe and abettor.

*Fortem virili pectore
Laudemus omnem feminam*²⁷

Let us all praise the woman
Strong with the heart of a man.

MONASTIC LIFE—A MILITARY SERVICE

When the persecution of the Christians ceased in the fourth century, the monks came to be considered as the unbloody martyrs of the Church. Hence it is not unusual to read of their being honored by the title "the Army of Christ." If we open the Breviary of the Benedictines we find printed on its title page: *Breviarium Monasticum pro omnibus sub regula Sanctissimi Patris Nostri Benedicti Militantibus*. "The monastic breviary of all who are fighting (doing military service) under the Rule of St. Benedict." In the Prologue to his Rule St. Benedict himself says: "My speech is now directed to thee who takest up the strong and most excellent arms of obedience to do battle for Christ the Lord, the true King." Then he continues: "We are about to found a school of the Lord's service" (*Schola servitii Dominici*). It must be especially noted that *schola servitii dominici* in the times of St. Benedict was the name proper to some barracks for military craftsmen, which were situated on the Palatine by the side of the imperial palace in Rome. It was in this *schola* that certain designated soldiers worked for the Roman Emperor.

St. Benedict considers Christ as the Divine Emperor from Whom the monks, being spiritual craftsmen, should work in their monasteries as though in barracks of a religious character. Thus he states in the fourth chapter of his Rule: "But the workshop in which we perform all these (spiritual)

works with diligence is the enclosure of the monastery."

Still more significant are the military vows which St. Benedict prescribed for his monks. They differ very much from the vows of the modern religious societies. The Benedictines promise stability, obedience, and the observance of monastic manners. This is precisely the oath of a Roman legionary. A soldier promised by an oath: 1) to remain for life with the army, 2) to obey his officers, and 3) to conduct himself fittingly as became a true Roman soldier. Added to the military character of the vows of a monk is another remarkable feature. St. Benedict even gave the monk clothing and footgear similar to that of the Roman soldier. According to his specific legislation the dress of the monk consisted of a military tunic, the significantly important military belt, an apron for work (called the scapular), bands around the calves of the legs, and military boots.

Why did St. Benedict term his prescriptions a "Rule" (*Regula*)? *Regula* is what the *Rex* (the ruler or commander) puts down as the principles and practical norms according to which his soldiers had to perform their service. It is only by faithfully observing these principles and norms that we can speak of soldiers having discipline (*disciplina*). Intimately connected with the idea of military discipline is that of monastic discipline, of which St. Benedict speaks most frequently. He promises to his followers that their reward will consist in the privilege of living with the Divine Commander in Chief in His military tent. This privilege was certainly an exalted one, since in the days of the Empire only the so-called "friends of Caesar" were permitted to live with him in his tent. Those who neglect the prescriptions of the *Rule* are subjected to punishments which also are called *disciplina*, as they too have a military character. They consist in a temporary excommunication of the monastic soldier from the "tent" of his Divine King.

For the people of our time it may be difficult to fully appreciate how closely knit was the status of one desirous of embracing the monastic life and one wishing to enter upon a military career. Explanatory of this remark is the decree of the two Spanish bishops, St. Isidore and St. Leander, who would not permit a slave to become a monk. Why not? Because according to the law of their time only a politically and socially free man could become a soldier in the Spanish army. Therefore, according to their opinion, only a free man should likewise be allowed to join the monastic army of Christ.

Noteworthy is St. Benedict's observation concerning anchorites, who "taught by long monastic practice and the help of many brethren, have already learned to fight against the devil, and going forth from the ranks of their brethren well trained for *single combat* in the desert, are able, with the help of God, to cope single-handed, without the help of others, against the vices of the flesh and evil thoughts." What one of us is not reminded by these words of the many undaunted soldiers in an army who, though having no other witness than God alone, do not hesitate to perform the most daring military deeds and courageously carry out the most trying demands?

It is to be admitted that in speaking about the martyrs and monks we visualize these Christian soldiers as those who by their very state and vocation occupy a distinctive position. We might now make the query: What about the Christian people in general? What of the masses of the faithful?

THE LAITY AND THE MILITARY LIFE

When the members of the laity receive the Sacrament of Confirmation they are given a new status in the Church. In the prayers for the conferring of this sacrament mention is twice made of a *consignatio*, a "signing" or "sealing" of the one being confirmed: "Sign them with the sign of the cross of Christ" and "We have signed their foreheads with the sign of the holy cross." If the analogy be accepted, since it was the custom among the Roman soldiers to brand the name of their highest commander on their foreheads, this cross on the forehead of a Christian has a very special meaning. All Catholics who have been confirmed—"branded" with the sign of the cross—bear the military insignia of Christ on their foreheads; they are all soldiers in His army.

This thought can likewise be understood in that general religious and moral sense in which Job would say: "The life of man on earth is a warfare." St. Paul seems to have this in mind when writing to the Romans: "Brethren, it is now the hour for us to awake from sleep. . . . Let us cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light."²⁸ When writing to the Ephesians he enters more into detail: "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace: in all things taking the shield of faith, wherewith you may be able to extinguish all the fiery darts of the most

wicked one. And take unto you the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God."²⁰

There is a special period during the Church year in which every conscientious Catholic is forcefully reminded of the duties of his spiritual military service. The time is Lent. It is to be noted that Lent is styled by the Liturgy in the prayer of Ash Wednesday as the time of "the Christian army on duty." Why? Because during Lent we are going to gather our forces and take concerted action against the devil. This is in perfect accord with the plan of Holy Church, for during Lent the daily religious services are called Stations—that is, military roll calls. Each morning a proper Mass is celebrated in which the faithful, like soldiers, receive the liturgical parole for the day, and in which they are given detailed instructions how successfully to wage battle against their spiritual enemies. Through their fasting and voluntary mortifications they are united more than any other time in the year with Christ in His campaign that climaxes in the victory of Easter morning. Then they sing like happy soldiers in the presence of their glorious King: *Alleluia! Tu nobis victor Rex, miserere! "O victorious King, show thy grace to us."*

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE MEN IN UNIFORM

And now last but certainly not least, let us see whether, and if so, how—Holy Mother Church appreciates the military service which millions of the cherished sons of our country are performing in this war. There is in the *Pontificale Romanum*—the book of rites for the liturgical functions of bishops—a special blessing for a new soldier, *De Benedictione Novi Militis*. Anyone examining the contents of this blessing will find it a source of genuine inspiration. The Catholic soldier cannot but feel honored by the high regard and esteem shown to him by the Church.

This rite may be found translated on page 65 of this issue, so that here even a rapid survey will bring out in fine-tempered relief the presentation of the faithful Christian soldier as "a defender of the Churches, the widows, the orphans, and all those who serve God." His sword is given the blessing of God, Who has instituted the military state for the sake of defending justice and righteousness. David fighting against Goliath and Judas Machabeus contending against the pagans are upheld as the soldier's ideals. The Church asks the Lord to give strength, courage, a strong faith, hope and charity,

fear of God, patience, and perseverance to the new warrior. Finally the Bishop gives him the kiss of peace and admonishes him: "Be a peace-loving soldier, strong, faithful, and devoted to God." The Bishop then congratulates him in the recitation of an almost flattering antiphon: "Thou hast become distinguished before the sons of men. Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most powerful one."

* * * * *

From what has been stated, does it not follow that the military service of every Christian is made the noblest part of all our human activities and endeavors? Taken in their aggregate, these human acts comprise the battles, victories, and defeats of the Army of Christ. Would that all the members of the laity were deeply aware of this fact. The Commander in Chief, the Savior, told us very plainly: "I came not to send peace but the sword." All who comprise the Church Militant must ever keep this in mind. To them are addressed the stirring words of St. Cecilia: "Now then, soldiers of Christ, cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light."²¹

References:

- 1 Socrates, *Apol.*, 23 D
- 2 Philolaus, *Phaidon*, 62 B
- 3 Cicero, *De Senectute*, 20, 73
- 4 Seneca, *Ep.* 97
- 5 Job 7:1
- 6 Job 14:14
- 7 Job 6:4
- 8 Job 10:17
- 9 Gen. 32:24-26,28
- 10 Para. 13:12
- 11 Wis. 5:18-21
- 12 Wis. 5:17
- 13 Luke 2:13
- 14 Matt. 27:53
- 15 Apoc. 19:14
- 16 *Te Deum*
- 17 Collect for Feast of Guardian Angels, Oct. 2
- 18 Hymn at Matins on feasts of Apostles
- 19 *Ibid.*
- 20 Hymn at Lauds on feasts of Apostles
- 21 Antiphon for *Magnificat* (II Vespers) on feasts of Apostles
- 22 Hymn at Lauds on feast of a martyr
- 23 Hymn at First Vespers on feast of a martyr
- 24 Antiphon at *Magnificat* (I Vespers) on feast of a martyr
- 25 Hymn at First Vespers on feast of a martyr
- 26 Hymn at Lauds on feast of a confessor not a bishop
- 27 Hymn at First Vespers on feast of a woman not a virgin
- 28 Rom. 13:11,12
- 29 Eph. 6:16,17
- 30 Responsory in First Nocturn on the feast of St. Cecilia

The Christian Military Banner

TO A SOLDIER there is nothing so precious as the flag of his country. That brilliant banner, spread in the breeze, is for him the symbol of a home and a land without parallel. So long as its colors wave aloft in battle, pride swells up in his breast, but let that flag so much as droop and every loyal son will dash to its defense. Every army and country has its flag, and no matter how humble or simple its design, it has been the inspiration for some of the most ardent songs ever sung. True to this patriotic devotion our American soldiers revere the red, white, and blue of our star-spangled banner and with sparkling eyes read in its folds the valiant story of independence won and held, of union preserved at the enormous price of brothers' blood; they read there, too, of the heroism of Belleau Wood and Château-Thierry and solemnly resolve that when the last bomb has burst and the last smoke of battle has cleared away, the stars and stripes will still wave intrepidly o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The kingdom of heaven, like any other, has its soldiers of the past and the present. It also has its King, Christ, the Incarnate Son of God, Who in one tremendous campaign won back for His Father the rebellious kingdom of this world. He carried His flag through the surges of battle and in His triumph set it in the clouds as a pledge of victory to any soldier brave enough to follow. His flag is His Cross.

There were, however, two great periods or actions in the campaign of the Lord, the Son of God made man; there are likewise two Crosses. The first action was His capture, torture, crucifixion, and death on the Cross. This was a terrible humili-

ation in the sight of and at the hands of His countrymen, whose prophets had foretold the depths to which the Savior would come in order to save men. The death, however, of the God-man was already a victory. He died in the prime of His life and "with a strong cry," because He willed to die. "I lay down My life that I may take it up again. No

one takes it from me, but I lay it down of myself." There is a great difference in the way a mere human being dies and the way the Incarnate Son of God died. We die because life is taken away from us; He died because He gave it up for His brethren. He who has the power to separate the soul from the body has the power to unite it again to the body.

The second action in the battle with death was the resurrection and ascension. With the might of His power the Eternal Light rose again from the tomb and, no longer concealing His divine identity in the weakness of human flesh, appeared to the world as the risen "Kyrios," Lord of the world and its King. His glorious resurrection and ascension added the final visible perfection to the



Altar Cross showing Christ standing before the Trophaeum

victory already won on Calvary.

There are accordingly, two concepts of the Cross: the one that of the suffering Christ, forever shattering by His death the reign of sin; the other that of the triumphant Kyrios, in royal tunic, standing, as it were, before the trophaeum, built in the shape of a T, on which it was customary to hang the armor of the conquered king or general. With arms outstretched He addresses His troops massed before Him. The two Crosses, or rather the veneration given to them, have histories as distinct as the sentiments they inspire. The

courses of these histories flow in parallel lines through the centuries and are at length marvelously joined in the liturgy of Good Friday. This article traces these two histories and shows how they influenced the development of a military banner from a pagan symbol of power to a Christian emblem of victory.

THE CROSS AS A SYMBOL OF WORLD POWER

The history of the Cross as the standard in the hand of the triumphant Christ began with Constantine the Great and his army. Centuries before the actual appearance of the Son of God on earth a Babylonian myth known to Constantine described the coming of the god of light. In the beginning of the world, according to the myth, there was a clod of dirt, the beginning of creation. It lay untouched by any plow, virginal ground upon which was growing a tree, barren and impotent, bearing no leaves and no fruit. It so happened that one day the god of light, the Divine Sun, covered the tree with his purple mantle, the sky, adorned with the moon and the stars. When the mantle had been spread over the tree as a canopy, the tree became fertile. It bore four fruits: man, land, sea, and firmament. In these four fruits the pagans saw the figure of a cross, though as yet they did not see the import of it.

In man the cross was seen in the outstretched arms; in the land it was observed in the beam and the transverse guiding bar of the peasant's primitive plow; it was seen to dominate the sea in the cruciform mast and yard of the sailing vessels; and in the firmament in the four directions of the world.

This myth was soon incorporated into the simple heraldic sign of the "labarum." The "labarum" was a banner surmounted by a wheel, the staff and the cross bar representing the trunk and the branches of the tree respectively. The cloth, or banner proper, ornamented with jewels and precious stones to represent the moon and stars, signified the veil or mantle of the deity, and the golden wheel stood for a Sun-god.

This banner with its now fertile tree was considered a symbol of world empire, and whosoever had ambitions of becoming a world ruler had this heraldic sign worked on his coat of arms.

At length there came to the throne of actual world empire the first emperor who ruled as a Christian, Constantine the Great. While yet a pagan he had erected a colossal statue of himself wearing a pagan crown, a diadem with pointed rays of light (flames and halo) and holding in his hand the traditional symbol of universal authority, thereby accommodating to himself the qualities of the Sun-god.

One of his counselors, the historian and statesman, Eusebius, with not a little shrewdness, told the Emperor to change the cross-spokes in the wheel of the sun symbol \oplus so that it might become the Greek χ (the letter for *chi*). The Christian soldiers would then recognize it as a symbol of Christ, since it was the initial of His name, the pagan soldiers as another monogram of their Sun-god, Chronos, since it was also the initial of his name. To one of the arms of the χ was then added a hook, the Greek letter *rho* made like an English "P," making it still clearer to the Christians that Christ was meant. This $\chi\rho$ (*chi-rho*) was retained with slight variation in all the "labara" of later history.

The Cross, now the military standard of the Christian army, came thus to be considered a symbol of world rule. It was so used

by the Greek Emperors, who ruled at Constantinople in the name of Christ. Consequently, as the Pope, supreme ruler in things spiritual, was the representative of Christ the Redeemer and glorious King of Heaven, so the Emperors, the supreme rulers in things temporal, were the representatives of God the Creator and Preserver of world order.

THE CROSS A SYMBOL OF TRIUMPH

Seen in this Greek-Oriental concept the Cross was much more the symbol of the resplendent Cross that will precede Christ on the Last Day than of the shameful Cross upon which He was cruelly crucified.



Precious Replica of the Labarum of Constantine made by the Benedictine Monks of Maria Laach Abbey

It was given the name "Jewelled Cross," *Cruz Gemmata*. The history of its glory is preserved in the hymn sung on the feast of its Exaltation, the *Vexilla Regis*. This hymn was written in the year 569, when a relic of the true Cross, sent by the Emperor Justinian, was received in solemn procession at Poitiers. The translation in part is:

Behold the banners of the King,
The mystic splendors of the Cross....

O Tree, all splendorous and fair
With the King's purple all bedecked,*
Worthy and noble, sole elect
The Savior's limbs to bear.

In the West the veneration of the Cross entered into the liturgy with two feasts, one in May, the Finding of the Cross, and one in September, its Exaltation.

The theme of the celebration in May is the historical fact of its discovery by St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine. Not only does the joy of discovery, but also the coincidence of the feast's coming in the Easter Cycle, make the Cross in the hands of the glorified Christ the symbol of His triumph and of our paschal joy.

The September festival commemorates the ransom of the relic of the true Cross by Heraclius from the Persian King, Chosroes. The feast opens the winter cycle so that its mystical meaning is heightened by the liturgical season of the year. The Church is about to enter upon the consideration of the last things. The last Sundays after Pentecost are all preparations for the last coming of Christ. The earth has a bleak, withered aspect; the sky is growing darker, and lest we become depressed, the Church directs us to look to the shining Cross of Christ, the King, who will come at the end of the world to take us with him to the heavenly kingdom of His Father. This appears in the Gospel: "Now is the judgment of the world; now will the prince of the world be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to myself.... Walk while you have

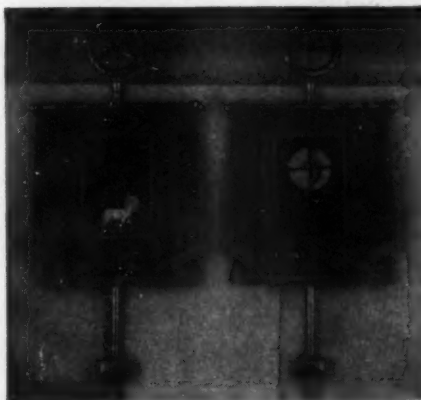
* While the purple refers to the royal cloak in the general sense, it here specifically means purpled with the blood of the Redeemer.

the light, that darkness may not overtake you. He who walks in the darkness does not know where he goes. While you have the light, believe in the light, that you may become sons of light." And the Introit: "It behooves us to glory in the Cross of our Lord, Jesus Christ; in whom is our salvation, life, and resurrection; by whom we are saved and delivered."

Now we understand the jubilant greeting on Good Friday at the unveiling of the precious wood: "Holy God, Holy Strong One, Holy Immortal One." Originally the unveiling was not that of a simple crucifix as in our times, but of the true relic. With the unveiling was connected the ceremony that formerly took place on Passion Sunday at Rome. The Pope led a procession from the Lateran Basilica to that of the Holy Cross, where a large relic of the true Cross was preserved. Upon arriving there the silver reliquary was opened and the relic taken out. The Pope poured precious ointment on it, anointing it in remembrance of Magdalen's anointing of Our Lord shortly before His death. After the anointing the relic was covered with a rich veil of purple cloth, which was removed on Good Friday. The fragrance and sweet odor that came forth symbolized the fertility that had been given the Cross by Christ's death upon it, as the springtime blossoms with their fragrance give promise of the fruit that is to come.

THE SYMBOLS OF RULE IN LATER TIMES

On many paintings we have seen the sun and moon at either side of the head of Christ. It is evident from the myth spoken of before that these are not figures of the darkness that came over the earth at the death of the Lord of all creation, but are rather symbolic of His world empire won by the Cross. When Frederick II was Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, he applied these symbols to himself. One of the greatest men that Europe has ever known, Frederick was also one of the most mystical. He had been reared and educated in Sicily, where ancient myth and pagan traditions had been preserved under the ashes. Through these he came into contact with the Babylonian World-Tree myth. He did



Processional Banners showing how the *Labarum* became a pattern for ecclesiastical Banners

not think it far-fetched to connect this myth with the revelation in Sacred Scripture about the tree of life in Paradise. Realizing this connection Frederick proclaimed himself to be, as Emperor, a new Adam and applied to his Empire the symbolism of the mythical tree. He ordered an imperial cope made on which was embroidered the World-Tree surrounded by stars. He took in one hand a branch of the tree as his sceptre, and in the other an apple as the globe of the world. He coined money representing his image with the sun and moon on either side of his head as symbols of world rule.

He not only called himself the new Adam, but he wanted to bring back to his people the happiness of Paradise. To emphasize this he had a crown made which became later the imperial crown of the German Kings. It was a symbol of Paradise. An arc over the top represented the sky; six pointed plates around the crown having openings in them represented the gates of Paradise with the Cherubim on guard at the sides. When Innocent III heard of this—he had been Frederick's tutor before being elected Pope—he protested. The Emperor, he said, might be allowed to have the moon as his symbol, but the sun belongs to the Pope, for as the moon receives its light from the sun, so the Emperor receives his crown from the Pontiff. If the Emperor puts the Paradise (sky) on his head, then the Pope will put the heavens (tiara-celestial globe) on his. By these symbols they spoke and through them made known their thoughts and ambitions. That is why there is so much importance attached to the symbols of the Emperor and the Pope. Through symbols properly belonging to Christ they tried to define their own dignity as His representatives. So much for the triumphant Cross.

THE CROSS AND THE SUFFERING CHRIST

There is likewise an interesting history to the Cross of the Passion. The devotion to it welled out of the Semitic feelings at the sight of the Savior's death. For the Jewish Christians the Cross was never the symbol of world empire that it was for the gentiles and pagans. It was rather a symbol of shame and humiliation. "Cursed is he that hangeth on the tree," Moses wrote in the books of the Law.

The discovery and exaltation of the wood of the Cross, which in the Hellenistic and Roman world was the occasion for new glory for the sacred wood, was in the Syriac and Semitic countries the impetus for greater devotion to the sufferings that Jesus endured thereon. This devotion was concentrated in Jerusalem. On Good Friday the Patriarch of Jerusalem would sit before a table in the Church

of the Holy Sepulchre and, holding the relic before him, allow the Christians to kiss it. On either side of the Patriarch would be two deacons who watched each person carefully lest some should bite off a particle of the Cross to keep as a relic.

The devotion to the Passion of the Redeemer received a strong impetus in the times of the Crusades. The banner of the Crusaders was the banner of the Cross. From the word *crux*, cross, they fashioned their name of Crusaders. With the Cross emblazoned on their breasts and on their shields, these Christian knights drove back the Turks and took again, at least for a short time, the very spot hallowed by the Passion. When they returned to their homes after having been in the Holy Land, they erected replicas of Mount Calvary and Christ Crucified. About this time, in the thirteenth century, St. Francis of Assisi miraculously received in his own body the stigmata, i.e., the wounds of Christ in his hands, feet, and side, and since he and his Order enjoyed great popularity with the working classes, devotion to the Passion of Christ became widespread. There grew up the devotions to the Way of the Cross, the Sacred Wounds, the Holy Face, the Open Side of Christ, and many others. The people began to hear so much of the bitter passion of Christ that they gradually lost the liturgical idea of His triumph. Today the images of Christ tortured and crucified have become so popular that few know that it was not always so.

THE TWO IDEAS MEET

On Good Friday the two ideas appear together in the liturgy. There the mother of all nations has mingled the hopes and sentiments of all her children. To the moving complaints of the dying Lord, "My people, what have I done to thee? Or in what have I afflicted thee? Answer me!" are joined the joyful acclamations to the "Holy, Strong, and Immortal One" who "by the wood of the Cross" brought joy to the world.

With the revival in our days of the *Kyrios*, the glorified Christ, due to the Liturgical Movement, the *Crux Gemmata*, the Jeweled Cross, has also come back. The restoration has not only an historical value; it is likewise a symbol of Christian optimism, which inspires and encourages us in the trials of these days. We, and especially the men in uniform, are forced now to carry the cross of the Passion. It is certainly necessary then to raise our eyes to the banner already set triumphantly in the battlements of heaven and to know that it has been hoisted as a pledge of our victory in the end, the victory that belongs to and comes from Christ.

The Soldiers in Holy Writ

THE PROFESSION of a soldier, like that of a showman, though for vastly different reasons, has often been held in disrepute. There are those who have not the strength to shoulder a gun nor the courage to face a possible sudden death who can descant eloquently on the low morals of an army camp or the "swearing of a trooper." It is my firm conviction that a soldier's life is as honorable as a parson's, and if in private life or civilian life our men have the character to live right, then they are not transformed into dissolute rakes by donning the uniform of a soldier.

War and the training to kill, it is true, will not refine a man. The hardships of military life and the privations of an army in action will make one forget sometimes his most elegant English, but don't we all know men—and women—who have never seen service who can out-cuss, out-lie, and out-smut any seasoned soldier in the army? A venerable old army man, a veteran of three wars and senior chaplain of the A.E.F. of the Last War never tired telling the edifying experiences he had enjoyed in his military career. The true soldier, he often said, lives as near to God as his duties will permit. When he ceases to be upright and conscientious in his private life, he ceases to be a good soldier.

Joyce Kilmer, the paragon of a good soldier, a member of the famous "69th," a convert to Catholicism a few years before going to France to help make the world safe for democracy, left a prayer that echoes the sentiments of a soldier as he plods towards almost certain death. The soiled uniform, bedraggled coat, grimy and unshaven face very often belie the pure heart beating with love for God and man as bombs and shells burst unnoticed and un-

heard. Listen to Joyce Kilmer before he was killed in action near the River Ourcq:

"My shoulders ache beneath my pack—
(Lie easier, Cross, upon my back.)

I march with feet that burn and smart.
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)

Men shout at me who may not speak—
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek.)

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy agony of Bloody sweat.)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So, let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen."



If Father William Doyle, S.J., gave heroic example to his men under fire, perhaps it was expected of a "sky pilot" to do just that, but Joyce Kilmer was no priest. He was a newspaper man and he was a soldier. But he was the kind of soldier that too few civilians recognize in khaki.

In the present unholy conflict our soldiers must realize that we who are not in the ranks with them are trying hard to show our interest and our appreciation by the various centers and organizations we have set up for their recreation and convenience. In honoring the soldiers and service men in this way, we are but taking a cue from the Gospels and the History of the Church. Perhaps there has been no occasion before to notice with what respect the

Roman soldiers were treated in the Gospel, so let us try briefly to recall some of these passages. Invariably we find a deference for their rank, and while it is true soldiers arrested Christ, crucified Christ, and later persecuted His Church, we must not overlook the fact that these soldiers were but carrying out the orders of an unscrupulous Herod or Pilate or Nero. When acting on their own, they often found their way to the altars as saints.

There is a marked difference between the way St. John the Baptist spoke to the crowds that came to him to be baptized and the language he used in speaking to the soldiers. To the crowd he said, "Brood of vipers! Who has shown you how to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth . . . fruits befitting repentance." But to the soldiers' inquiry, "We—what can we do?" St. John spoke almost playfully: "Plunder no one, neither accuse anyone falsely, and be content with your pay" (St. Luke, chapter 3).

Christ himself publicly commended a centurion for his great faith and rewarded the soldier by a miracle. The scene is one of the most edifying in the Gospel narrative for it not only shows the faith of the officer, but his solicitude for his servant and his humility before Christ. The centurion reported to Our Lord that his aide was afflicted, probably, as scholars today believe, with a streptococcus infection, and Jesus offered to cure the sick man. The centurion immediately showed his faith in an officer's power to command. "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof; but only say the word, and my servant will be healed. For I too am a man subject to authority, and have soldiers subject to me; and I say to one, 'Go,' and he goes; and to another, 'Come,' and he comes; and to my servant, 'Do this,' and he does it." The faith of the centurion carried the day and St. Matthew in the eighth chapter of his Gospel tells of the cure.

Soldiers played a prominent part in the crucifixion of Our Savior, but even in that role we cannot help seeing their consideration for Christ. St. John in opening the nineteenth chapter of his Gospel, puts the blame for the scourging directly on Pilate; "Pilate, then, took Jesus and had Him scourged." What part the soldiers took in the mistreatment was in the line of duty. But without stretching a point too far it is possible to see that they were considerate. They did not destroy the seamless tunic of Christ, but laid it aside to be won intact. Thus we have inherited a precious relic, now kept in the Cathedral of Trier, where it is exposed for public veneration every forty years.

When Our Saviour in His last minutes on earth

called out "I thirst," it was a soldier who offered Him a sponge soaked in wine. This was no gesture of cruelty, but an attempt on the part of the soldier to alleviate Our Lord's suffering with a drugged potion as well as to allay His thirst. That Christ refused was no sign that He failed to appreciate the soldier's good intention. He merely wanted to suffer to the end, to drink the chalice to the dregs.

When the Jews asked that the legs of the three crucified persons be broken—a painful way of hastening death, "the soldiers—broke the legs of the first, and of the other—But when they came to Jesus, and saw that He was already dead, they did not break His legs; but one of the soldiers opened His side with a lance, and immediately there came out blood and water." (John 19:31-34).

It was a soldier, too, who in the language of the early Church Fathers, witnessed the birth of Mother Church, as She came forth from the side of Christ as Eve had come forth from the side of the first Adam. It was a soldier who gave us the beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart—did so in an act of pity when he could have crushed the legs of the Savior and achieved the same result as far as death was concerned.

This event is commemorated in St. Peter's in Rome, where the lance that opened Christ's side is preserved, and where an immense statue of the soldier Longinus by Bernini graces one corner of the great quadrangle, opposite the statue of St. Veronica. The act of faith of this centurion, "Truly this man was the Son of God," opened the heavens for him and obtained the unsurpassable peace of conversion. The lance that pierced the side of Christ has always been a venerated relic and is almost as universal as the Grail itself in the traditions and literature of all peoples.

The first witnesses of the resurrection, too, were soldiers, and though they were forbidden by "the elders" from revealing what they knew, it was impossible by any bribes to shake their faith and conviction (Matt. 28:11,12).

Never once, then, in the Holy Scriptures are soldiers spoken of disparagingly. On the contrary, they are respectfully mentioned and are particularly favored at critical moments in the Passion and Death of Our Redeemer. Even before the Church had emerged from the catacombs, where for the first centuries of her existence she had lived like a hunted creature, soldiers whose office and rank often brought them into contact with the early Christians were setting the example of fearless profession of faith, renouncing promotions and worldly emoluments to lay down their lives with the persecuted poor they were sent out to execute. The

Roman Martyrology lists them day by day, so it is obviously impossible to single out all the great soldier saints for mention. There comes to mind at once, though, the martyr St. Sebastian, who had no special attraction for a military career other than that of assisting his fellow Christians. Many a one he exhorted to constancy when the brand and rack were brought forth. So well did Sebastian conceal his mission that Diocletian created him a captain of the Pretorian Guards, a position which he continued to hold under Maximian. Though the Captain saw one of his fellow Christians hung by the heels over a fire until stifled to death, another stoned to death, four others thrown into the sea, one beheaded and one twice stretched upon the rack before being buried alive, and two others nailed by the feet to a post and shot to death with arrows after 24 hours of such torment, he remained dauntless before Diocletian when he was finally discovered and then probably shot to death with arrows. Some say that the arrows failed to kill him and that he was beaten to death with cudgels, then thrown into a sewer. Neither account is certain. But regardless of how St. Sebastian met his death, he certainly proved a valiant and virtuous soldier, standing high in the regard of his emperor.

Probably nowhere in all the long history of tortured and persecuted Christians is there anything more glorious than the record of the Theban Legion. This legion was one unit (of an army), about 6600 men, recruited entirely of Christians in Upper Egypt to suppress a revolt of Gaul against Diocletian. Before the battle a sacrifice was to be offered to the gods for success. The Theban Legion refused to have any part in the sacrifice. The legion was decimated for disobedience, i.e., every tenth man was slain. When "Augustus" saw that there was no weakening, he ordered a second decimation with no better results. Maximian then ordered his army to surround the legion and to cut it to pieces. The Christian soldiers threw away their arms and to a man laid down their lives for their faith.

Martyrs of this famous legion are honored in various shrines of Europe. Thus St. Maurice and his companions are celebrated at Agaunum, where a famous abbey was erected, having perpetual recitation of the Divine Office day and night. Relics of the martyrs are preserved there in a sixth century reliquary. Modern scholars are wont to be skeptical about so wholesale a slaughter, but the widespread veneration of this legion and the great number of relics found throughout Europe would seem at least to vouch for a large scale martyrdom. In Bonn, in the Rhineland, are found the relics of St.

Cassius and Florentius, soldiers of the legion; in Cologne is commemorated St. Gereon and 318 companions, referred to by an early medieval martyrologist as a detachment of the Theban Legion. According to Helinand, a Cistercian monk of the 13th Century, St. Gereon and 318 others suffered at Cologne; St. Victor and 330 more at Xanten, and an unnamed number at Bonn. It is a fact that at Xanten, (named after Santi, saints) an eye-witness eight years ago was present at the opening of the tombs and saw the skeletons complete and intact. Helinand says that Maximian was forced to send to North Africa for reinforcements, and when these also proved to be Christians, he ordered their massacre too. An epitaph of the fifth century and the testimony of Gregory of Tours is in favour of the belief that these, too, were of the Theban Legion.

The Crusades, much maligned in history books, partly because they are misunderstood and partly because abuses are given undue prominence, will always serve as an example of Christian fidelity. Though half a million men gathered at Constantinople in 1097 under the leadership of Europe's princes and the illustrious Godfrey of Bouillon, scarcely 10% of that army survived the fierce combats and the terrific heat of the march on Jerusalem. Against devastating thirst and raging pestilence they fought their way for five weeks until at last, after a fast and a procession around the city, the Crusaders finally topped the wall and put to death large numbers of the Turks. Godfrey of Bouillon was the first to enter the city while fiery darts and heavy missiles fell about him. It was his inspiring leadership that won the day, the banner of the Crusaders that led the victory march. Until 1187 Jerusalem remained in Christian hands, then fell again to Saladin, the Sultan of Egypt.

No Crusade for the Holy Land had a more just cause than that of Christendom today. The holy places not of Jerusalem, but of Europe and Africa have been sacked and defiled—the holy places of the Christian home and school, the monasteries and convents have been profaned and overrun by godless philosophers and ideologists, confiscated by ruthless robbers.

The profession, then, of our soldiers is not one to be spurned. It is a heroic calling, and upon the brave crusading of our army and navy depend the freedom of man to worship according to the dictates of his conscience, the right of man to practice Christian love for one another. Hats off to "our boys." God speed you and bring you safely through the perils of war.

✠ Sequence

of the

✠ Passion

of

✠ Our Lord Jesus Christ

This Soldier's Way of the Cross was designed and executed by Dom Gregory de Wit, O.S.B. The pictures and prayers are copyrighted. They may be obtained in pamphlet form from THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana. The customary number of fourteen stations is augmented here to fifteen, to complete the series according to the early Church's practice of contemplating the Triumphant Christ rather than the Suffering Christ. The indulgences, of course, are attached to the usual fourteen. The fifteenth is an addition.

Introduction

THE SOLDIER is given a gun with a sight that directs it straight to its objective. Every soldier knows how useless is a gun with a sight that aims in one direction and shoots in another. Such a sight is a lie.

God has given us as an objective worthy of our life and has sighted our whole being toward that objective. That sight is righted according to God's own eternal truth; it is true, and it renders our whole life true. But we have tampered with that sight and have set it according to our sinful desires. That makes our sight a lie and makes us liars, hypocrites, and a scandal. That is why we suffer, individually, and suffer as a society; we suffer, individually, above all in our conscience—the keenest of all sufferings because it is the awareness of having done wrong before God—and we suffer as a society. Wars are a consequence of this *perverting* of the eternal truths upon which God has made peace on earth depend.

Jesus Christ came into this world both to make amends to His Heavenly Father for the sinful folly of mankind and again to set aright its spiritual sight. The Eternal Truth in Person came to bear witness to truth and to make it prevail in the life of mankind; but His testimony was not only not accepted, He was made out to be a liar.

When the crafty Pilate asked Him: "Art thou, then, a king?" Jesus answered: "Thou sayest it; I am a king. This is why I was born and why I

have come into the world, *to bear witness to the truth.*" This witnessing to truth, which the lying Pharisees imputed to Him as a lie, led Him to the Judgment seat, led Him to Calvary, led Him to the cross.

Today, in this period of world revolution, it is again a struggle between truth and falsehood, between the truth of Christianity and the forces of a neo-pagan ideology, between our own vocation to serve God and our sinful pursuit of the tinsel of material pleasure. The soldiers, convinced of the truth of our cause, take up their arms, as Christ took up His cross, to battle, that in this world truth might once more prevail over lie. Battling for truth, they are confident that they are standing at the side of Him who could say: "I am the way, *the Truth*, and the life"; with Him they mean to give witness to truth amidst hardships and sufferings, ready, if it must be, to seal their testimony with their blood, even as He endured and suffered and sealed His sublime testimony with His blood.

This Way of the Cross purposes to place the soldier as a champion of truth at the side of Jesus Christ *the Champion of Truth*. No one can do this sincerely who does not first, with God's help, rectify the dislodgment of truth in his own life and readjust his spiritual sight so that his whole life will be directed straight to God, the Eternal Truth. Being true to God, he will be true to his country, true to his neighbor, and true to himself.



FIRST STATION: JESUS IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH

"This is why I was born, and why I have come into the world, to bear witness to the truth" (John 18:37).

Often, O Lord, have I deceived myself and lied before Thee when I followed the principles of the world after having taken the vows at baptism to renounce all the pomps and works of the evil one. I sought life in the false springs of pleasure. Now in the livery of a soldier I will vindicate Thy truth and redeem those vows. I will seek true life in Thee, even if it means going to death with Thee.

Lord, make me true to my promises.

SECOND STATION: JESUS RECEIVES THE CROSS

"Behold, I come to do Thy will, O God" (Hebr. 10:7).

Lord, when Thou didst embrace the cross, Thou didst accept Thy Father's will. Heretofore I have sought my own perverse will, which is in disharmony with Thine and therefore false. From today I accept my cross, my pack, my arms, as Thy will, and, abandoning my own, I will now seek to follow Thee to Calvary and to death.

Lord, make me resigned to Thy holy will.



THIRD STATION: JESUS FALLS THE FIRST TIME

"To Thee only have I sinned" (Ps. 50:6).

Lord, the dishonesty of my life, the disloyalty to my ideals, have resulted in my spiritual downfall. Because I trusted my weakness rather than Thy strength, I put my hope in a false strength. Against Thee have I sinned in spurning Thy help. Thee have I crushed by my false conceits.

Lord, make me fear myself, and trust in Thee.

FOURTH STATION: JESUS MEETS HIS SORROWFUL MOTHER

"The mother was to be admired above measure" (2 Mach. 7:20).

Lord, there was one who was always true to Thee, Thy Mother. The true mother meets a true Son on Jerusalem's street. How often has my mother looked into my eyes in quest of the truth she implanted there, and I knew myself for a liar. But from today she can glory in Thee on my account, for every act of my soldierly life shall be a manifestation of the true Christian.

Lord, help me to live the life of a true follower of Thee.



FIFTH STATION: SIMON OF CYRENE HELPS JESUS TO BEAR THE CROSS

"My yoke is easy and my burden light" (Matt. 11:30).

Lord, that is true. I have often experienced that it is pleasant and comforting to bear the burden of duty. I would rather die for the true values of life than live for the false.

Lord, make me worthy to carry the cross of truth with Thee and to walk in the ways of truth with Thee to death.

SIXTH STATION: VERONICA DRIES THE SWEAT FROM THE FACE OF CHRIST

"O woman, great is thy faith" (Matt. 15:28).

Yes, Lord, Veronica recognized the truth. She saw the true God in Thy bloody and wounded face and gave testimony to her belief in ministering to Thee. So also do these modern Veronicas, the merciful nurses, see in us an opportunity to serve Thee. Whatever they do to the least of us they do to Thee.

Lord, make me worthy of their service and make us true to our calling.





SEVENTH STATION: JESUS FALLS THE SECOND TIME

"I have done evil before Thee" (Ps. 50:6).

In my life of sin I did not fully realize what I was doing. I ignored my real character and deceived myself when I ventured into the darkness of temptation. But Thou didst see me—Thou, Eternal Truth, as I entered on the path of error. Now I see the consequences. Thou didst not utter a word of reproach but silently fell beneath the weight of the cross—the cross I made for Thee by my monstrous deceit.

"Lord, that I may see."

EIGHTH STATION: JESUS MEETS THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM

"How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathers her young under her wings, but thou wouldst not!" (Matt. 23:37).

How numerous the graces and how frequent the opportunities! How many the absolutions and Communion by which Thou wouldst take me to Thyself—and I would not. And now as those near and dear to me weep over me because, like Thee, I must face dangers in defense of truth, I must remember that perhaps there was no other way than this by which we could be kept in Thy truth. We could have been spared all these sorrows had man only followed Thy truths.

Lord, help me to realize my opportunities!



NINTH STATION: JESUS FALLS THE THIRD TIME

"He himself bore our sins" (I. Pet. 2:24).

What falsehood in my taking the name of Christian! I cannot pose as a champion of truth and tread the path of untruth. Lord, there was no other way to right that wrong. No one else could bear that load of infamy. Our whole deceitful lives and fallacious words Thou didst assume as Thine own. And they called *Thee* a liar!

Lord, make me faithful to my promises: make me a champion of Christian truth.





TENTH STATION: JESUS IS STRIPPED OF HIS GARMENTS

"He was reckoned among the wicked" (Isaias 53:12).

Not content to bear our share, Thou didst even identify Thyself with us sinners. The prophet had foretold of Thee: "He was reckoned among the wicked." Did not they call Thee a colleague of Beelzebub, the prince of liars? We have lost every sense of truth and decency—have given in to every indecency—and as a recompense Thou dost stand there stripped of Thy garments, a mass of wounds. Thy vesture covered Thy gaping wounds inflicted by our unfaithfulness. Those who stripped Thee would also strip us of the flag and the ideals for which it stands, liberty, and justice, and equality.

Lord, make me faithful to my baptismal garb of innocence.



ELEVENTH STATION: JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS

"That you may follow in his steps" (1 Peter, 2:21).

Yes, Thy sacred feet trod the way to heaven. But my wayward feet sought paths of sin. Like the beacon tower of truth Thy holy cross beckons me. I will follow Thee now in the ways of righteousness. Fasten my feet to the cross with Thine that they may never stray again.

Lord, I will follow Thee, mutilated or whole. Nothing shall withhold me.



TWELFTH STATION: JESUS DIES UPON THE CROSS

"The truth shall make you free" (John 8, 32).

The supreme sacrifice that Thou, Lord, didst make for us is emulated by my comrades in arms. Thou didst die to liberate us from the shackles of sin; our heroic defenders died to free us from the slavery of error. May their death not be in vain, but may it win for them and for us an eternal crown. May I never abuse the liberty they died to preserve.

Lord, give me courage to die for true liberty—the liberty from the error of sin.

**THIRTEENTH STATION: JESUS IS
TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS**

"Woman, behold thy Son" (John 19:26).

Lord, commend me to Thy mother that as she received Thy mangled body from the cross, so she may receive my tortured body and sin-stained soul in its hour of need. Her fidelity beneath the cross gives me every confidence that she who was not ashamed to receive the alleged Criminal into her arms will not refuse my ardent plea for a mother's help.

Lord, make me worthy of her maternal care; make me a true child of Mary.



**FOURTEENTH STATION: JESUS IS LAID
IN THE TOMB**

"After three days I will rise again" (Matt. 27:63).

Lord, in unknown spots in distant lands and in the sea lie the bodies of many valiant soldiers. But those ideals for which they laid down their lives shall never die. The spirit of those heroes lives and will arise to condemn the false philosophies and ideologies that afflict the world. Yes, these very men will rise again, gloriously triumphant, if they but died in Thy love, to enjoy forever the light of Thy Countenance.

Lord, let me not fear death; rather let me look eagerly to the resurrection of truth and peace among men and to my own glorious life with Thee.



**FIFTEENTH STATION: JESUS RISES
FROM THE DEAD**

"I have overcome the world" (John 16:33).

Lord, on the third day were Thy enemies confounded. The stone of the sepulchre was too frail to hold Thee prisoner. So shall the clouds of war and destruction vanish at Thy word. The day of triumph will come, of victory of truth and righteousness over falsehood and wickedness. It will be the starting hour, I pray, of a new world order of peace in Thy service. I shall begin at this moment to make my life the life of a true Christian.

Death and Life in wondrous conflict battled!
Life's Leader, having bowed to Death, now
living reigneth.
Victorious King, have mercy on us, Amen.
Alleluia.





A.A.F. SOLDIER SKETCHES HIS SIONS U.S. AIR



ARMY ARTIST HIS IMPRES- OF THE ARMY FORCE

by
PVT. L. BURLAND



PILOT



A.A.F. SOLDIER



OFFICER



FIRE FIGHTER



GAS MASK



TROPICAL HELMET

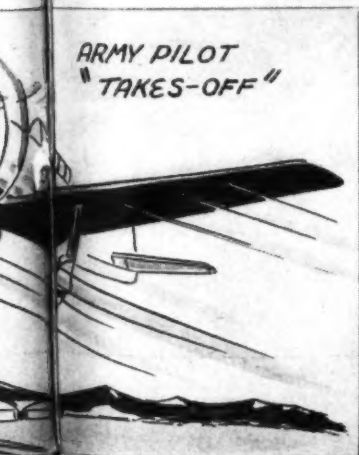


**LISTENING
 EQUIPMENT
 CAN DETECT
 PLANES 200
 MILES AWAY.**



**AIR FORCE GROUND CREW
 KEEPING IN TRIM BY
 DAILY OUTDOOR EXER-
 CISE.**

**ARMY PILOT
 "TAKES-OFF"**



**PARACHUTE TROOPS
 "BAIL OUT" OF A
 LOW FLYING TRANS-
 PORT PLANE.**

Military Religious Orders of the Middle Ages

A SOLDIER in dress uniform is an attractive figure. A fully equipped soldier-knight in the ages of chivalry may have, perhaps, been even more attractive. But a knight who at the same time was a member of a distinctive religious order with the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience was and still remains something exceptional, if not unique, in the annals of history. Yet, there were such, and their role in the Christian civilization was significant. To appreciate such a role a short historical background may be helpful.

All Europe was suddenly awakened as if by an electric shock. The Arabs and Turks, ardent followers of Mohammed, had constantly been gaining ground—piece by piece the once powerful Byzantine Empire founded by Constantine had come into their grasp, until the standard of the Crescent was raised near the very gates of Constantinople itself. Arabia, the northern shoreline of Africa, Egypt, and a portion of Spain were in the tentacles of Islam. In 1086 Jerusalem was taken, and the Mohammedan conquerors of the Holy Land were wont to inflict the most atrocious cruelties upon pilgrims coming from all parts of the world to visit the places hallowed by the life and death of our Saviour. The kingdoms of Europe, aroused by the tales of woe and suffering heard from the East, determined to hasten to the assistance of the Christians in Palestine. The cry "God wills it" resounded in every country; the Crusades were begun. Previous to this time never had there been so spontaneous a movement. Never before was there so gigantic a struggle as that between the Cross and the Crescent.

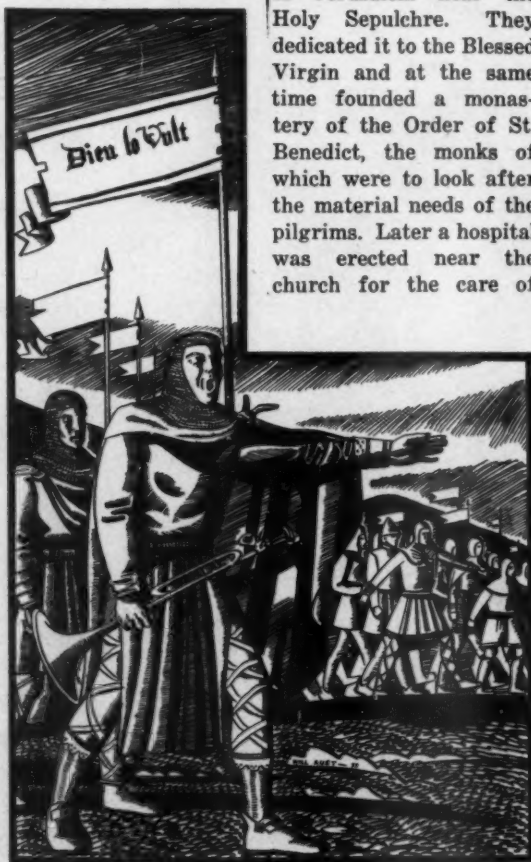
This struggle brought about many changes. Up to this period no one had ever fancied being a religious except by embracing the life of a monk, for religious and monk were almost synonymous. But the exigencies of the age required action; the world was awakening to a new era. Thus the establishment of what are called the Military Orders was in accord with the tenor of the time—they were different; they were novel. They were the creation of a religious genius which effected the union of monasticism and chivalry, for they combined the military spirit and the use of arms with the practice of the evangelical counsels. Of these Military Orders the three most renowned were the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, the Knights Templars, and the Teutonic Order. A brief survey of

each may assist in forming a clearer idea of the general character of these unusual institutions.

THE HOSPITALLERS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM

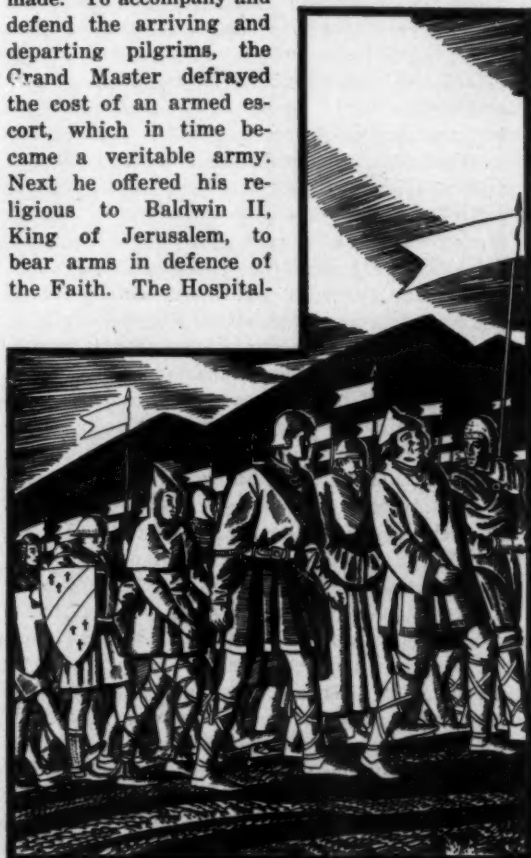
Probably the oldest of orders of knighthood was that of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. Merchants and pilgrims from the city of Amalfi, in the kingdom of Naples, had long been desirous of a church in Jerusalem where the divine services might be celebrated according to the Latin rite, since the other Christian churches in the East were administered and attended by those of the Greek and other rites. About the year 1048 they gained the favor of the Caliph of Egypt, Romensaph of Mustesaph, who permitted them to build a church

in Jerusalem near the Holy Sepulchre. They dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin and at the same time founded a monastery of the Order of St. Benedict, the monks of which were to look after the material needs of the pilgrims. Later a hospital was erected near the church for the care of



male pilgrims; a chapel was likewise built in honor of St. John the Baptist. In the course of time, when the revenues of the hospital had greatly increased, the group tending the hospitals separated from the abbot and the religious community of the nearby monastery and founded a distinct group in honor of St. John the Baptist. From this time forward they were called Hospitallers, or the Brothers of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. Their status was assured when their director, a certain Gerard, gained papal confirmation from Pope Pascal II in 1113.

The successor of Gerard, Raymond du Puy, gave the Hospitallers their first rule, which obliged them to take the solemn vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Since the first Crusade for the deliverance of Jerusalem had been successful—at least for a time—the growth in numbers and increase in wealth of the Hospitallers was such that Raymond, now titled the Grand Master, decided to use the surplus for military purposes against the infidel. The hospital was enlarged and other foundations made. To accompany and defend the arriving and departing pilgrims, the Grand Master defrayed the cost of an armed escort, which in time became a veritable army. Next he offered his religious to Baldwin II, King of Jerusalem, to bear arms in defence of the Faith. The Hospital-



lers were now divided into three classes: the military brothers, the brothers infirmarians, and the brothers chaplains. The first engaged in actual conflict; the second tended to the wounded and the needs of the hospital; the third performed the clerical functions in the conventual churches. When hostilities were once more renewed with the Mohammedans, even the Grand Masters of the Hospitallers took to the field of battle. Gradually the order became more and more military and their subsequent history varied as the fortunes of Christendom changed on the battlefields of the East.

Following the second capture of Jerusalem the Hospitallers lost all their possessions in Asia with the exception of those in the Principality of Tripoli. These were given up a century later in the fall of Acre (1291). Then the Hospitallers and their Grand Master retreated to the island of Cyprus, where the king, Henry de Luisignan gave them the city of Limisson. Having now become islanders, the Hospitallers were obliged to modify their manner of warfare. They equipped formidable fleets to protect the pilgrims who, even in these precarious times, had not ceased going to the Holy Land. It was in great part, however, the conquest of the island of Rhodes that brought about a notable transformation in the order, being likewise the factor that changed their name from Hospitallers of St. John to that of the Knights of Rhodes.

The modifications consequent to their moving to Rhodes was threefold. First, the Grand Master was now not only a religious superior, but also a temporal sovereign of the island (Rhodes), which constituted a true ecclesiastical principality. Secondly, the care of the sick was given a secondary place; the name knight gained preference to that of hospitaller. Thirdly, the knights in turn became corsairs. When the piracy of the Moslems proved a dreadful scourge to Christians traveling on the Mediterranean, the Knights of Rhodes armed cruisers not only to protect the Christians but to give chase to the enemy and make reprisals. With daring audacity they made attacks on the coast and pillaged some of the richest ports in the Orient. In turn, Rhodes was frequently besieged by the Musselmans. In spite of having won many victories and having had possession of Rhodes for 213 years, the Knights were finally forced to surrender to Solyman II in 1522. With the forfeiting of Rhodes a bulwark of Christendom had fallen.

A few years later, in 1530, the order obtained from Emperor Charles V the gift of the island of Malta. From this time dates their title of Knights of Malta, which they retain to the present day. Al-

though they rendered great service during the 18th Century by their victories over the Algerian pirates and through their liberation of many captives, the order was fast declining. Much of its property was confiscated by Christian and Protestant princes. At last Malta, the very center of their activities, was treacherously surrendered to Napoleon Bonaparte when his expedition was en route to Egypt in 1798. When Malta came into the possession of England in 1814, the Knights had already lost all their power in other lands. Only a few houses in Bohemia and Italy continue in recent times, and in these the initial purpose of their institution—namely, the care of the poor and the sick—is carried on. During recent wars the order wholeheartedly devoted itself to ambulance service on the field of battle, because of which service the Knights may rightly claim to be the predecessors of the Red Cross.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS

The oldest genuine military order originated about the year 1118. Although the Hospitallers of St. John were founded about fifty years earlier, they did not, strictly speaking, become a military order until during the regency of their Grand Master Raymond du Puy (1120-1160).

The history of the Knights Templars is comelike. The beginning of the order was unassuming; its growth and development, brilliant; its vanishing was quick, decisive, tragic. In 1118, during the reign of Baldwin II, Hugues de Payens, a knight of Champagne, and eight of his companions bound themselves by a perpetual vow to defend the newly founded Christian kingdom of Jerusalem. Baldwin accepted their proffered services and assigned them a portion of the royal palace lying next to the former mosque of al-Aksa, the so-called "Temple of Solomon." Because of the location they were called the Poor Knights of the Temple, later changed to Knights Templars or Knights of the Warfare of the Temple. At the start they were really poor, eking out a meagre sustenance by begging alms; as yet they were without distinction of either habit or rule. Soon after making a beginning, Hugues de Payens journeyed to the West to obtain the approbation of the Church and to gather new recruits. At the Council of Troyes in 1128, in which St. Bernard was the leading spirit, Hugues requested and was given a rule composed by the renowned Abbot of Clairvaux. Thus it was that the Knights Templars received the Rule of St. Benedict according to the recent alterations made by the Cistercians. They likewise adopted the white habit of the Cistercians, adding to it a red cross. To the three vows of the monastic life was added a fourth, the Crusaders'

vow. In spite of its forbidding austerity, new members flocked to the youthful order. With the increase in membership came a corresponding increase in wealth. Even before the Templars had proved their worth, they were showered with favors by the lay and ecclesiastical authorities.

The mode of life of the Knights Templars was rather unusual. Their castles were both monasteries and military barracks. A contemporary aptly described the members as "in turn lions of war and lambs at the hearth; rough knights on the battlefield, pious monks in the chapel." Since they voluntarily renounced the pleasures of life, they faced death with indomitable courage. In battle they were the first to attack and the last to retreat. Even if they were never numerous as a distinct army, as a group of chosen men their valor was always an inspiring impetus to the many armies of Christendom which they assisted.

Their financial influence was very extensive. The wealth which they had accumulated was deposited in their *Temples*, especially those of Paris and London. It almost appears paradoxical that these men who had vowed poverty should be the ones to make the exchange of money and commerce between the East and the West possible. There is, however, an explanation. Their strict discipline ensured the safe transmission of treasure, while their reputation as monks guaranteed their integrity. Thus it happened that the Templars were considered the great international financiers of the age.

Since politically they were free from all temporal sovereignty, the order, with its unparalleled power, soon assumed the right to meddle with the weak and irresolute government of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. Here trouble began, if it had not done so already. There had been some emulation before, but this political intrigue soon brought conflict between the Knights Templars and the Hospitallers of St. John, which order by this time had likewise successfully taken on a military character. On the battlefield the two shared the most perilous posts, alternately holding the van and the rear guard. Even though the Templars claimed priority as a military order, they and the Hospitallers were recognized as belonging to the same rank by Church and State. Both were regarded as regular ecclesiastical orders, and, being such, were endowed by the pope with most extensive privileges, absolute independence of all other authority, save that of Rome, exemption from tithes and taxation, together with the right to have their own chapels, clergy, and cemeteries. Both were charged with the defense of the Holy Land and to each was given the command of the most strategic strongholds in the East. But

their mutual rivalry had much to do with the decline of the kingdom over which they were now bickering.

To put an end to this difficulty there was suggested a very simple remedy—join the two. But another remedy, drastic and crushing, came; one of the two orders was soon to perish. Charges of a most alarming nature were first rumored and then openly voiced against the Knights Templars. This gave Philip IV (the Fair) a long craved pretext for interfering with the order, of whose power he was jealous and whose property he coveted. In France the Templars were summarily put on trial and their belongings confiscated when they had been cast into prison. Philip encouraged other sovereigns to follow suit. The protest of Pope Clement V had little effect. Accusations continued, and the old maxim about "mud throwing" seems applicable here, even if there were some cases in which even severe punishment may have been justified. At length, omitting the details of an involved and impetuous aggrandisement on the part of Philip the Fair, the order of the Knights Templars was abolished by a special apostolic ordinance in 1312.

If we consider the fact that the Order of the Hospitallers inherited, not without difficulty and not by any means in its entirety, the property of the Templars and likewise received many of its members, we may venture to say that this trial and suppression brought about the proposed amalgamation of the two rival orders. But a word should be added concerning the significant role of the Templars. Two great things the order had done for European civilization: in the East and in Spain it had successfully checked the onslaught of Islam, and, secondly, it deepened and gave a religious sanction to the idea of chivalry. The fact cannot be overlooked that their suppression facilitated the conquest of the Moslems, while the cruel criminal procedure against them, when examined in the light of later discovered documents, is but another example of the triumph of avarice over justice.

THE TEUTONIC ORDER

Later in birth than the Hospitallers and Templars, the Teutonic Order—or in its full title, the Teutonic Knights of St. Mary's Hospital in Jerusalem—traces its start to the time of the third Crusade. In the winter of 1190-1191, in the midst of the privations and the plague during the siege of Acre, merchants from Bremen and Luebeck, Germany, with the Duke of Holstein erected a makeshift hospital from parts of a vessel which they had drawn ashore. After the capture of Acre, this

hospital was permanently established in the city with the help of Frederick of Suabia, the leader of the German crusade. The foundation seemingly became attached to the German church of St. Mary the Virgin at Jerusalem. With approval of Pope Celestine III and through the aid of influential leaders in Palestine and among the German Crusaders, the members staffing the German Hospital of St. Mary's were elevated to the rank of an order of knights and endowed with the same privileges as the two other military orders.

The constitution of the Teutonic Order was a compilation. Their religious life was regulated according to the rule of St. Augustine. In the performance of their works of charity they followed the Hospitallers of St. John, while their military and ecclesiastical organization was modeled after the Knights Templars. Very soon after its establishment, the Teutonic Order became quite nationalistic, for it excluded all candidates who were not of the German nobility.

When the power of Islam finally triumphed in Palestine a century after the Teutonic foundation, the knights discovered a fresh career open to them for their combined warlike and religious zeal. Even before the actual transfer of the center of their temporal domination from Acre to Marburg in Hessa and a few years later to Marienburg in Prussia, they had been active along the coast of the Baltic, assisting in the German colonization of lands between the Oder and the Vistula. Next the Teutonic Order took up a military, missionary, and colonizing task in pagan Prussia, where they founded fortresses at each step of their advance.

It is remarkable how well they adapted themselves to the demands of their times. After the fall of Acre the Order lost connection with the East, but with the acquisition of land in Sicily, Armenia, Prussia, and Hungary, it became a governing aristocracy. The original care of the sick and the later crusading spirit were superseded when the administration of newly acquired territories in frontier states demanded attention. Concord among its members and with surrounding temporal and ecclesiastical powers gave great prosperity to the Order in the 14th Century.

But at the very summit of its glory irretrievable ruin fell upon the Order. The rising and successful opposition of a group of Prussian nobles together with the crushing defeat at the hands of Ladislaus, the king of Poland, in 1410 were the pivot points of their career. Like the Hospitallers, the power of the Teutonic Order gradually diminished, and, even though it held tenaciously to some of its rights, when the explosion of the French Revolu-

tion quaked the countries of Europe, the Order found itself deprived of all its estates and for a while of its very existence. Napoleon gave many of its possessions to his allies, but the Teutonics retained foundations in Tyrol and the Austrian States. Thus it was that the Order became Austrian, the Austrian Emperor reserving the title of Grand Master for the Archduke of his house. After a humble start, a period of splendor and triumph, followed by many vicissitudes and misfortunes, the Teutonic Knights returned and still continue their original work as hospitallers.

Today, after the danger has long ceased, it is a slight mental strain to fully grasp the tremendous and terrifying threat that Mohammedanism was to the European civilization up until but a few centuries ago. Correspondingly, those institutions and organizations that were most obviously intended to thwart the advance of the Crescent were held in highest esteem. Thus the military orders were by their character and nature greatly revered by ecclesiastical and lay authorities. When the danger of Islamism was no more and when covetous eyes looked upon the treasures that were no longer as strongly held as during the time of their early acquisition, these military orders, with their widespread yet intricate organization and admirable ideals, gradually lost their influence and favor.

Aside from these material advantages, however, there are one or two points that seem especially applicable in the momentous warfare we are waging at the present time. The Savior of mankind did

not proclaim: "Blessed are the peaceful" but "Blessed are the peacemakers." Peacemaking is not always accomplished by a disarmament program. Frequently enough—in fact, as is usually the case—"peacemaking" first demands the use of arms. The Catholic Church has always recognized and permitted justifiable warfare. Her unfeigned favor to the military orders briefly reviewed above is clear evidence that fighting against those who destroy the God-given *rights of man* or the God-given *principles to man* is not merely allowed but sanctioned and sanctified. That Catholics shirk neither their religious nor their patriotic duties in time of conflict is evidenced by the remarkably high percentage of Catholics in the armed forces today.

There is one more thought that might be added. The military orders were the combination of a double conquest that should serve as a model to every soldier. By their very religious profession the Knights declared war on two enemies. First, they took up arms against the implacable foes of Christianity, the Mohammedans; secondly, they vowed to conquer their own unruly passions, combatting them by solemnly promising to observe the counsels of poverty, chastity, and obedience. If ever there was an ideal for the Christian soldier of any time, of any war, it surely can be found in the genuine and well balanced union of religious fervor and military prowess that was the intention and the goal of the founders of the Orders of Knights centuries ago.

The Four Freedoms

"By the freedom wherewith Jesus Christ shall make *you* free"

No. 1

Freedom from ignoble thoughts and ignoble words and ignoble deeds and ignoble passions.

No. 2

Freedom from despair; from low-hope; from depression; and from zig-zagging worries.

No. 3

Freedom from a growing sense of futility; from the grief and care-ridden cry "What's it all about?" "God made us to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him in this life; and to be happy with Him Forever in the next."

No. 4

Freedom from daily practices or habits which depredate and shatter and destroy necessary vital satisfying hopes and ideals related to our personal destiny, in time and in eternity:—

And these Four Glorious Freedoms may be achieved by every person of good will without waiting for the tardy fiat of secular governments.

W. J. Enright

Catholic Military Leaders of Distinction

PATRIOTISM has its roots in the militant emotion of courage. For courage is a constant resistance to an unfavorable influence that may be escaped. Man's love for his fatherland and for all that it implies—home, family ties, security of property, freedom of worship, and social and economic justice—is so strong that he will risk all to protect these institutions and virtues. When his country is attacked or wrongs on a national scale must be righted he is willing to risk his life by a determined resistance with arms against an unjust aggressor or foul tyranny.

For these reasons we find that nations conscript their men of military age and ability to protect their country and its cultural institutions. Obviously the leaders selected to direct such armies of men must themselves be influenced by an ardent love for country and a just regard for the security of its citizens.

Nor are we lacking in courageous men who choose by profession a military career or who, in the hour of a national crisis, offer their services as leaders of the armed forces in the defense of national security. History records the names and deeds of many Catholic heroes who have not only upheld a high code of military ethics but have likewise shown how honor and justice can go hand in hand on the field of battle and around the conference table.

During the political and religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there arose such staunch defenders of religion and justice as Don Juan of Austria (1547-78), commander in chief of the Venitian, Papal, and Spanish forces, who led the Christians to victory against the Turks in the famous Battle of Lepanto on October 7, 1577. Pope Pius V had promised him victory if he would leave behind all soldiers of evil life. This he did, and with the assistance of the prayers of the Pope and the people Don Juan brought to an end the invasion of the Turks under Solymán II that had threatened the destruction of Christendom. In thanksgiving for this victory the Pope instituted

the Feast of the Holy Rosary and included the supplication "Help of Christians, pray for us" in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

Another able general, Johann Tserclaes, Count of Tilly, (1559-1632) took part in the wars along the Rhine, served under Emperor Rudolph II of Hungary in the war against the Turks, and commanded the army of the Catholic States of the Empire at the time of the Bohemian uprising and in the defeat of the Danes and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. While in the service of Maximilian of Bavaria he

reorganized the army and provided for its maintenance from the revenues of the state, thus abolishing the evil practice of subsidizing the soldiers by plunder.

Stanislaus Zolkiewski (1547-1620), Chancellor of Poland, was appointed hetman or commander in chief of the Polish forces by Sigismund III to whom he remained loyal in spite of the king's aloofness toward him. He fought with untiring valor in the wars against Tsar Ivan the Terrible, the Cossacks, and the Turks. Zolkiewski wrote a commentary on his military expeditions which compares favorably with that of the renowned Julius Caesar. Always an ardent Catholic, he did much to

strengthen the union of the Ruthenian Catholics. He was killed in the battle of Cecora.

Shortly after the close of the glorious military career of this loyal patriot, Sobieski, John III of Poland (1629-96), who had been unanimously elected king by the people while serving as commander in chief of the Polish army, encountered the Cossacks, Tartars, and Turks with remarkable success. At the urgent request of Emperor Leopold of Austria and the Papal Nuncio he drove off the Turks who had besieged the Austrian capital of Vienna.

In Eugene, Prince of Savoy (1663-1736), Austria found an able general in later wars against the Turks. In genius and Christian character the Prince far surpassed the leadership of the well-known strategist Wallenstein.



Lieut. Commander John McCloy, U.S.N., twice awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, is a devout Catholic.

During the latter half of the nineteenth century France found in the Irish-French Duke of Magenta, Marie Edne Patrice Maurice MacMahon (1808-93), an able leader. His earlier military experiences, covering a period of twenty years with the expeditionary forces in Algiers, served Marshal MacMahon in good stead when he was appointed to lead the French forces in the Franco-Prussian War. While President of France, 1873-79, MacMahon allowed the republic to become more firmly established, and at the same time took measures to hold back those political factions that were hostile to the Church.

In more recent years three Catholic marshals, Joseph Joffre (1852-1931), Ferdinand Foch (1851-1929), and Henri Petain (1851—) have guided the military destiny of the French nation. Marshal Foch will be remembered by the men of the American Expeditionary Forces of World War I. Schooled for a military career, Foch gave evidence of his remarkable skill in military strategy in March, 1918, when he was given command of the entire allied forces. Within a few weeks he had turned the tide of battle for the allies. On being congratulated by Cardinal Mercier for his military genius Marshall Foch replied, "Of course, I thought, I worked, but we are only the instruments of Providence." Those who knew him best give ample evidence to his deep and sincere faith and to his frequent reception of the Sacraments.

In spite of the many reverses experienced by the Catholic minority during the formation of the American nation we find that Catholics supplied more than their quota of men during the Revolutionary War. The following Catholic generals and naval officers are well known for the part they played in the war of independence:

General Charles Clinton
General Thaddeus Kosciusko
General John Lacey
General M. Joseph Lafayette
General John Moylan
General Stephen Moylan
General Casimir Pulaski
General Jean Rochambeau
Naval Captain John Barry
Admiral Louis De Barras
Admiral Charles D'Estaing
Admiral Francois De Grasse

Even the great American tragedy, the Civil War, which found brother pitted against brother on the battlefield, also found Catholic men of military leadership in both camps. These men fought, just as many other Americans of the time fought, in

accordance with the way they saw the justice of their own side. The following list of Catholic leaders on land and on sea distinguished themselves for the cause of the Union (U) or for the Confederacy (C):

General Robert Anderson (U)
General Pierre Beauregard (C)
General Lawrence Branch (C)
General Samuel Carroll (C)
General Patrick Cleburne (C)
General Michael Corcoran (U)
General James Hardie (U)
General Henry J. Hunt (U)
General Philip Kearney (U)
General Martin T. McMahon (U)
General Thomas Meagher (U)
General John Newton (U)
General Edward Ord (U)
General Paul Semmes (C)
General Philip Sheridan (U)
General James Shields (U)
General Charles Stone (U)
General Samuel Sturgis (U)
Admiral Daniel Ammen (U)
Commander James Ward (U)
Commodore Benjamin Sands (U)
Commodore John Beaumont (U)
Captain Raphael Semmes (C)

During the World War I the American forces included a large percentage of Catholics. At that time the Catholic population of the country was seventeen per cent of the total; while the army was thirty per cent Catholic; the navy forty per cent; and the marine fifty per cent.

In the present World War we find the percentage of American Catholics in military service again high in the army, navy, and marine, but even higher in the air service. In data made public last year eighty per cent of the volunteers in that branch of the service were Catholic—a magnificent tribute to the American Catholic manhood.

Catholics have not shirked that God-given privilege of patriotic citizenship, namely, to rise to the defense of their country and its sacred institutions. Whether these are menaced from within or without Catholic men will ever be faithful to the government that remains faithful to its God. What the late Commander John J. Shea, U.S.N., listed as missing in the battle of the Solomon Islands, wrote to his little son is axiomatic with Catholic tradition: "Be a good Catholic and you can't help being a good American."

THE BLESSING OF A SOLDIER

ONE OF the most poignant episodes in Holy Scripture is that of the aged Isaac blessing his two sons Esau and Jacob. As we know, Esau, the first-born of the two sons, was by right the one to receive the cherished paternal blessing. But he was too late. Jacob had already deceived Isaac. When Esau realized his plight, he cast himself before his dying father and cried out in anguish: "Hast thou only one blessing, father? I beseech thee bless me also."

Much unlike Isaac, the Catholic Church has a plenitude of blessings. There is a blessing for a radio and an automobile, for a rosary or a medal, for a newly erected church or a newly built home. The Church has a blessing for the newly born babe; when the journey of man comes to an end here on earth, She blesses his final resting place, his grave. This profuseness of Her blessings strews every path of life—there are blessings for persons, events, objects, the various callings in life. But there is one blessing referred to in a previous article of this issue of THE GRAIL that it would be well to consider more at length when treating of the military life. It is "The Blessing of a New Soldier," found in the *Pontificale Romanum*.

The blessing is ancient in origin; it has in mind the soldier of those days when armor of mail, spurs, and swords were still in vogue. In fact, it might rightly be surmized that in this case soldier and knight are the same—and the blessing of a fresh military recruit is identical with the conferring of knighthood. This is further substantiated by the fact that the presenting of spurs and the blessing of the sword are an intimate part of the rite in the *Pontificale*, and spurs together with the sword were always employed as the leading ensigns of knighthood.

It might first be well to remark that there were two ways of conferring knighthood. In the simple form the accolade constituted the whole or nearly the whole of the ceremony. The candidate merely

knelled before "the chief of the army or some valiant knight," who struck him three times with the flat part of the sword; at the same time he pronounced a brief formula of creation and of exhortation, which varied according to the will of the one conferring. The more solemn ceremony was performed either as a courtly or as a sacred function. In the case of the conferring of knighthood in court, feasts were held, and robes, arms and spurs were given. The sacred function, on the other hand, was enhanced by various religious observances, the candidate usually fasting and abtaining the day previous and keeping an all-night vigil before the altar.

The blessing to follow is the formula found in the *Pontificale Romanum*. It is, of course, the form used for the sacred ceremony. Although it may seem outmoded as a blessing in our war today, it has an intrinsic beauty of its own. Above all, it shows the high honor with which the Catholic Church esteems those who don the uniform of a soldier, be it now or centuries ago; so exalted is Her estimation that the Church reserves the conferring of this blessing to a bishop.

First the bishop blesses the sword, which, if it has not already been blessed, someone holds unsheathed, kneeling before him.

Our help is in the name of the Lord.
Who made heaven and earth.

Hear my prayer, O Lord.
And let my cry come unto Thee.

The Lord be with thee.
And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

Harken, we beseech Thee, O Lord, to our prayers and deign by the right hand of thy majesty to bless this sword with which Thy servant wishes to be girt, so that he can be a defender of Churches, of widows, of orphans, and of all those who serve God, against the fury of pagans and of heretics, and a fear

Prayer of the Crusaders

Composed by Nother Balbalus († 912)

Media vita in morte sumus: quem quærimus adiutorem, nisi te, Domine? qui pro peccatis nostris iuste irascaris: Sancte Deus, Sancte fortis, Sancte misericors Salvator, amarae morti ne tradas nos.

In the midst of life we are in the throes of death. In whom, save in Thee, Lord, may we look for a helper—Thou Who art justly angry over our sins? O Holy God, Holy Strong One, Holy and merciful Savior, deliver us not to a bitter death.

and terror to others that beset him. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Let us pray.

Bless ☩ holy Lord, almighty Father, eternal God, through the invocation of Thy holy name and through the coming of Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord, and through the gift of the Holy Ghost the Comforter, this sword, that this thy servant, who by it is this day, encircled with Thy kindness, may trample upon visible enemies and, enjoying victory in all things, may ever remain unhurt. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then standing as before he says:

Blessed be the Lord my God, who teacheth my hands to fight, and my fingers to war.

My mercy, and my refuge; my support, and my deliverer:

My protector, and I have hoped in him: who subdueth my people under me. (Psalm 143:1-3).

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be world without end. Amen.

Save, O Lord, Thy servant.
Who hopes in Thee, my God.

Be to him, Lord, a tower of strength.
From the face of the enemy.

Hear, O Lord, my prayer.
And let my cry come unto Thee.

The Lord be with you.
And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

Holy Lord, Father Almighty, eternal God, who alone orderest and rightly arrangest all things, who, for checking the malice of the wicked and watching over justice, didst by Thy salutary arrangement permit the use of the sword to men upon earth and didst will the military state of life to be instituted for the protection of the people, who by blessed John didst cause to be said to the soldiers coming to him in the desert that they do violence to no man and be content with their pay: suppliantly we pray Thy clemen-

cy, Lord, that, as Thou didst bestow upon the boy David the ability to overcome Goliath and didst make Judas Machabeus to triumph over the savagery of nations that call not upon Thy name, so also mayest Thou in heavenly kindness grant to this Thy servant, who but now places his neck beneath the yoke of military service, strength and boldness for the defense of faith and justice, and furnish him with increase of faith, hope, and love; and give him alike fear of thee and love, humility, perseverance, obedience, and good patience, and mayest Thou rightly dispose all things in him, that he may injure no man unjustly with this sword or any other: and that he may defend with it all that is just and right: and as he is promoted from a lesser grade to the new honor of soldiery, so may he putting off the old man, put on the new: that he may fear and rightly worship Thee, avoid the company of faithless men, and let his charity go forth to his neighbor, and duly obey his superior in all things and in everything justly carry out his duty. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then the bishop sprinkles the sword with holy water. Being seated, the bishop next gives the bare sword to the new soldier kneeling before him, saying:

Receive this sword in the name of the Father ☩ and of the Son ☩ and of the Holy Ghost ☩ and use it for your own defense and that of the Holy Church of God, and for the confounding of the enemies of the cross of Christ and of the Christian faith; and as far as human weakness may allow, injure no man with it unjustly: and this may He deign to supply who with the Father and the Holy Ghost lives and reigns, God, world without end, for all ages and ages. Amen.

Then the sword is placed in its scabbard and the bishop girds the new soldier, saying:

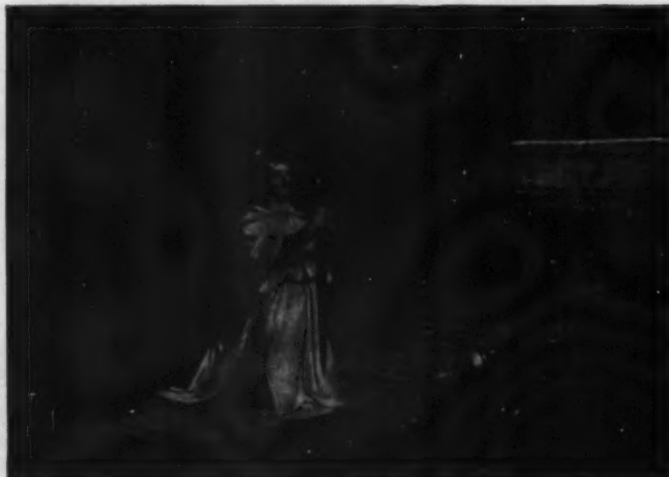
Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty one, and note that the saints conquered kingdoms not by the sword but through faith.

The new soldier rises, unsheathes the sword, brandishes it thrice, and replaces it in the scabbard.

The bishop then gives him the kiss of peace.

Peace be with you.

The bishop then



takes the unsheathed sword and dubs the new soldier kneeling before him gently over the shoulders three times, in the meanwhile saying but once:

Be a peace-loving soldier, strong, faithful and devoted to God.

Then the sword being sheathed, he gives the soldier a light slap with his right hand, saying:

Be roused from the sleep of malice and watch in the faith of Christ with a praiseworthy name.

The soldiers present put spurs on the new soldier; the bishop says the following antiphon:

Beautiful above the sons of men, gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty one.

He rises and turning towards the new soldier says:

The Lord be with you.
And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

Almighty, everlasting God, pour the favor of Thy blessing upon this Thy servant who wants to be girded with this excellent blade and cause him, trusting in the power of Thy right hand, to be armed with heavenly assistance against all adversities, so that he may not be upset by any storms of war in this world. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

The new soldier kisses the bishop's hand and, laying aside the sword and spurs, goes in peace.

Parents, Bless Your Boys

Parental blessing is as old as the human race. It is a channel of grace recognized by the Patriarchs of the Old Testament, but sadly neglected today. THE GRAIL in a previous issue (July, 1937) carried an article on this edifying practice. In this Military Number it is our desire to instruct

parents not to overlook so salutary a sacramental.

How should one go about bestowing the parental blessing on a child? Do it in a most simple, yet impressive manner. Place your hand on the head of your kneeling child. Say: "I bless you, my child, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," at the same time tracing the sign of the cross upon the child's forehead with your right thumb. If you bless all your children at once, simply extend your hands over all, and make one cross over them, while you pronounce the words of blessing. Any other appropriate words of your own choosing may be used. Vary them to suit the occasion.

If father or mother wishes to bless absent children, especially boys in the camps, he or she should extend the open hands, palms downward, in the direction of the absent one and say devoutly: "May

the blessing of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost descend upon you and remain with you always." The cross may be traced in the air by the right hand in the direction of the person to receive the blessing while naming the Holy Trinity. Every Catholic parent will be glad to do this each night before retiring.



The Monastic Divine Office a Military Drill

AFTER I had recovered from the first shock of my appointment by Father Abbot as an Army Chaplain and the subsequent examinations by the military authorities, I took my bearings and discovered that a monk has a great deal in common with a soldier. I thumbed through my copy of the *Holy Rule* to see what St. Benedict would give me as a guiding light for my military career.

In the second paragraph of the *Prologue*, these long familiar words took on a new significance: "To thee, therefore, my words are now addressed, whoever thou art, who renouncing thy own will, takest up the most powerful and brilliant armor of obedience in order to fight for the Lord Christ, our true King." After pondering this I turned to Chapter V of the *Rule*, where St. Benedict treats *Obedience*. For the first duty of any soldier is obedience to orders, and whether as a monk and soldier of Christ or as an American and soldier of my country, obedience should be my guiding star. And it is this principle of obedience that I keep ever before my eyes and ever keep trying to inculcate in the men under my spiritual jurisdiction.

Although there are many other phases of military life that a monk has in common with the soldier there was one that struck me with unusual force the last time I was on furlough for two days at my monastery. It was the monastic Divine Office's resemblance to a military drill. I had retired the night before in my cell, happy to be back with the brethren, and it was with the double tap of the waker at my door at three-forty the next morning that these following reflections presented themselves to my mind. I have written them in the form of a composition:

With the first signal the monk, the soldier of Christ, is up out of his bed, washes the vestiges of sleep from his eyes and mind by clear cold water, quickly dons his habit, which is his uniform, and hastens to his place of duty. From the church steeples silhouetted against the dark sky, reveille is sounded by the *classicum*, the ancient military signal of the Roman army. The smallest bell opens his mouth first with a light silvery soprano, and is quickly joined by his next older brother in a duet. They are silenced by an older brother who breaks forth in a tenor solo and which they shortly join in a melodious trio. Then a still older brother commands them to be silent as he sings his baritone. Then the other three join him in a quartet. Final-



ly the solemn bass, the great bell, completes the melody of the early morning reveille.

It is to this beautiful music of the bells that the soldiers of Christ arise and hasten to the Abbey Church where they are to take part in their daily military drill. They are clad in a uniform that is a copy of the one worn by the ancient Roman legions, for St. Benedict prescribed the tunic of a soldier to be worn by his monks; the military belt, which was the symbol of authority in the army; the scapular, or soldier's work apron; the cuculla, or military cape worn for protection against the inclemencies of the weather. Since the Middle Ages this latter garb has assumed a more majestic and beautiful form and indicates high rank, for only the monks with Solemn Vows wear it, and then only on special occasions.

Quickly, quietly, and reverently these soldiers take their places in the monastic choir, which is arranged in double columns on either side of the High Altar, just as soldiers in the army take their places in ranks for drill or parade. With one grand finale the bells cease their fifteen minute concert on the stroke of four and the Divine Office begins by an invocation to the Most High God. With

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Psalm 94 the cantor, the musician-in-chief of the monastic army, chants a prelude to the drill, giving time to the late arrivals to find their places for the march. The cantor alternates each verse of this psalm with, *Venite, venite adoremus*, come, come to adore. It can be compared to the rat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-tat-tat of the drums in the barracks, at the end of which all are supposed to be present in their places. St. Benedict, knowing that there are always some sleepy-heads among soldiers, legislated in the Rule that this psalm should be sung slowly so that no one should have an excuse for coming too late.

Then the Commander in chief, the Abbot of the monastery, having taken his place at the head of his men, the cantor intones a hymn, for the enthusiasm that fills one when singing casts out the last remnants of sleep and leaves the mind alert at this early morning hour. And as stanza follows stanza, the soldiers facing the great apse of the church, gaze upon the image of their Divine King, glittering on a background of golden mosaics. This magnetic figure of Christ, the Ruler of the world, inspires His soldiers with great love in their performance of this service in His honor.

After the hymn is concluded by the acclamation, *Amen!*, an officer intones an antiphon, a short phrase suggesting the theme on which they can meditate during the march, and the soldiers fall into step, two columns on either side of the High Altar, with alternate chanting of the psalm verses for a six-psalm march. This is done with a certain rhythm and accent, with regular pauses, in the traditional way of monks praying together, and as they have been doing for the past fourteen-hundred years. The drill is carried out in perfect order displaying the discipline imposed by the rubrics, the ecclesiastical rules for the performance of the Divine services. In fact, St. Benedict in his *Rule* uses the word *discipline* when referring to this type of religious service. For as the soldier when marching does not fall out of ranks, neither does the monk in drilling before his Heavenly King fall out of step with his tongue or bodily posture in observing the correct enunciation, tone, bows, and other rubrics of the monastic military service.

The six-psalm march is brought to a halt by a command from an officer giving the versicle (the Latin *versus* meaning turn), when the double column of monks halts and turns. After a few usual orders in the accustomed fixed form, the soldiers sit to rest and to listen to an instruction which is taken from Sacred Scripture. This is broken into four parts. At each pause there is an interchange of fixed forms between the two columns. Then rising to their feet a new antiphon is sounded for

another six-psalm march. This time the instructions that follow are taken from the biography of dead Christian soldiers and heroes. For to hear the life and deeds of a Christian saint or martyr, as that of St. Sebastian, who was an officer in the Imperial Roman Guards, is an inspiration and an incentive to the men who strive after Christian perfection as the soldiers of Christ are obliged to do.

Again the signal to arise and go on the march is given by an antiphon. Now the soldiers change from an ordinary marching step to the more majestic dress-parade step. No longer is it a psalm march, but to that of the solemn canticle. The drill is approaching the climax as it nears the reviewing stand of the King. The canticle ends before the throne of the King, an officer reads the opening words of the King's address to his soldiers, a text from the Holy Gospel. A commentary on this text by one of the early Fathers of the Church in the form of a homily is then read as the military musicians take their various posts. The organ sends forth a solemn and majestic prelude. All feel the thrill of the approaching of the Divine Presence. The *Te Deum*, the Royal Hymn, is intoned and all the soldiers sing it with strong voices. The Commander in chief, the abbot, representing Christ, takes up the Holy Gospel, the words of Christ Himself, and sings that portion assigned to the feast of the day. This is the climax of this military function and after the last word of the Holy Gospel is sung, the whole army shouts with one voice, *Amen!* This is followed by a short hymn of praise, *Te decet laus*.

In modern times it is only on Christmas Eve that the King gives a banquet to His army in the Solemn Pontifical High Mass that follows, where He gives them to eat of the Bread of Heaven. Now this banquet is delayed each day till morning. But on Christmas Eve, the splendor of the Liturgy is used to the full accompanied by the magnificent melody of the bells singing to the stars in the midnight sky, rich vestments, the solemn chants that are centuries old, the vibrant tones of the organ, and most of all the spirit of Christ that makes all men one.

So end these thoughts comparing the monastic rendering of the Divine Office with a military drill. And there are many more things that a soldier of Christ as a monk has in common with the soldier of Christ in his country's army, but we shall reserve them for another time.

Note: Copies of the HOLY RULE OF ST. BENEDICT can be ordered from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, paper-bound 30¢ a copy.

Orchids to Our Nurses

FROM THE PAGES OF A DIARY

LIEUTENANT Richard E. Llewelyn reached inside the door and snapped the light switch of his quarters. He entered, put his hat on the center table, and went slowly, wearily to his desk. Nothing had been disturbed there since the early afternoon. He admitted to himself that this had been his most trying day of army life.

In the morning one of his favorite flying cadets had crashed, overshooting the landing field. There was little that could be done when he reached the scene of the disaster. Added to this was another blow—one which had almost completely unnerved him. In the noon mail there came a packet accompanied by two letters. He immediately recognized the script. It was that of Ralph's mother. Captain Ralph R. Rawlinson—his boon companion from the very earliest days he could recall. A letter from his mother was nothing extraordinary; she had been corresponding with him for years, long before either he or Ralph had donned a uniform. Enclosed with the letter from the mother was another closely written page. It was signed Margaret Donovan, Army Nursing Corps. Aha, thought Lt. Llewelyn, romance!

He quickly scanned the letters. The letter from the nurse, warm and sincerely sympathetic, had originally accompanied the packet, which had been sent to the mother with the request that they be forwarded to him. It could not be! But the letter from the mother stated that an official notice from the war department had snuffed even the tiny flame of hopeful doubt. Ralph was dead, dead due to injuries sustained in a field mine explosion on the Solomon Islands.

The contents of the packet were still lying as he had left them in the afternoon; they were the neatly written sheets of a diary. Capt. Rawlinson had been so accustomed to handing in accounts of the work of his engineering corps that when he was laid up he had to have some substitute for the reporting. He took to recounting the daily events and impressions in the hospital ward. There had been no entries after September 10th. The last few notations were brief and seemed strained from the effort. There was someone else's handwriting under the date September 15th. Lieut. Llewelyn glanced at the letter from the nurse. The script was identical.

He had read some of the diary entries in the afternoon, when, even though he was pressed for

time, he could not hurry through them. Now, late in the evening, he had at least a few moments before retiring. He still felt dazed and sick at heart as he studied the pages before him.

* * * * *

August 1st

Who would have thought it! Here I am laid up for at least six more weeks. I've been here two weeks already. In spite of what the doctors say, I am going to get back in action in at least three from now. A little rest is pleasant enough, but I have work to do!

Poor old Harper and MacDowd. One of the nurses told me that they were not to be found after the explosion. Kingsley and Frazer are here next to me in the ward. I am supposed to be the worst off of the three survivors; right now, though, I feel like crawling out and joining the company.

* * * * *

August 4th

The Engineering Corps *must* be short of men. I talked to the surgeon who dug something out of my left arm when I came here three weeks ago. I suggested getting back with the rest of the gang in two weeks from now. He merely said "maybe."

Most of us are finding the nurses an intriguing species of the animal kingdom. They are all fine, but one or two of them are really superb. Strangely enough—and very gratifying—the most capable of them has taken a special interest in me. It couldn't be the visage of "your humble servant." Maybe it's the captaincy! But there are dozens of captains around here; they aren't flat on their backs, either.

What I am happy to know is that my left arm is coming along rather well. But the doctor is still worried about my "internal mechanism." I must have been pretty well shaken up when things went heavenward.

* * * * *

August 7th

Two very important items of information were garnered this morning. One of the nurses had made arrangements for my reception of Holy Communion. Much to my happy surprise, after three of us had received I could not help but notice the chaplain administer to two of the nurses who were kneeling across the aisle opposite my bed.

Later in the morning I remarked to the Efficient One—that's what we call the most popular of the nurses: "I noticed you receive Communion this morning. Glad to know we share the same religious belief."

She seemed eager to talk about the Catholic Faith. To my honest surprise, she mentioned that she was a Benedictine Oblate, affiliated with St. Placid's Abbey back in the States.

One confidence seemed to bring another. I admitted that I had frequently thought of becoming an Oblate. I knew a number of the monks at St. Placid's. A gleam shone in her eyes when I mentioned that I had studied for three years at the Minor Seminary there and that I often returned for lay retreats and private visits. This admission brought one more from her; her youngest brother, Charlie, is in his first year there.

(Evidently Ralph must have felt both strong and buoyant for several days, for the next entries were lengthy and delightfully illustrated. His eyes were attracted to a passage along the margin of which was sketched a cocker spaniel with a Red Cross band around its body; it was crouching before and sniffing meaningfully at a healthy sized bone. The date on the preceding page was given as August 15th.)

Margaret Donovan, whom we have all "nick-nacked" the Efficient One, made an observation this morning that registered. After she had changed the bandage on my arm, she had to scuttle me around a trifle to get to a nasty bruise just below the nape of my neck. I was and am feeling swell. She was so noticeably careful that I began to jest: "Come, come, lady, you're handling me as though I were a relic."

It was evident that she was ready with a repartee. Instead she smiled and went ahead with the work on the bruise. After she had turned me around again she took up the matter of "relics" with surprising thoroughness. After all, she is the Efficient One.

"The fact is," she remarked, "that even if you aren't quite a relic, you certainly are sacred."

I still wouldn't get serious. "Sold to the horse with the lavender eyes!"

But she was patient, laughed, and then went on. "You can't tell me you have attended a minor seminary and never heard of the doctrine of faith that we are all members of one grand body—the body of Christ."

I assured her that I had reflected on the fact at one time or another. But she went on quickly:

"At St. Stephen's Hospital, where I trained, the chaplain often made it a point to remind us that we ourselves and every patient we have to touch or handle is sacred by the very fact of our human personality. If the material and animal world are so pleasing to God, how much more must be the climax of his creation—man!"

I merely nodded my head. I enjoyed hearing her get enthusiastic about anything. It was more than mere enthusiasm, though. The topic itself seemed unusual, at least unusual for a hospital ward.

"The idea of the Mystical body of Christ, this closeness of the soul to God and the wonderful spiritual union among men themselves, means a lot to one far away from home and friends. But it means even more to us nurses in our daily work."

My eyebrows arched a bit more.

"Think of it," she said, "this morning you and several

of the men received Holy Communion. Right now you are truly temples of the Holy Spirit. Christ lives in you. You can be sure that even if the work of a nurse seems drudgery, it takes on a real significance when we try to regard and to help every soldier as though he too enjoyed this closeness to God, as though he were another Christ."

One of the other nurses asked Margaret to lend her a hand on Kingsley next to me. As she moved away she remarked with the hint of a smile: "You still feel like a relic?"

I tried to wrinkle my nose. What a woman!

(Llewelyn glanced at his watch. He turned a few pages. He had time for only one or two pages more; then he would have to turn in. He knew he would be going through the diary over and over in the weeks to follow.)

August 19

The last two days haven't gone as well as they might have. There are frequent cramps somewhere in the mid section. Frazer and Kingsley are moving out tomorrow—I thought I would beat them to it! The doctor still insists that there will have to be further improvement before I can start stirring. I can eat, but the food seems tasteless. Then after it's down it starts asserting itself.

Margaret made the usual rounds today. The chat yesterday was cut short. A special emergency case came in. There's something remarkable about her. She doesn't do anything extraordinary, but the routine work of the hospital doesn't seem routine to her, nor to those whom she assists. It must be *how* she does it. She is refined, but there is nothing prudish about her. All the soldiers show her a special deference—more than to any of the other nurses. The fact that she isn't the beauty of the crowd doesn't matter. On the other hand, she's not exactly troublesome to the eyes.

A day or so ago I noted how easily she took care of one of the notorious cranks in here. Before she moved on he was talking quickly, trying to describe or dramatize something. His bandages didn't permit any sweeping gestures. Then he pointed to a drawer. Margaret pulled out a photograph. We all knew about that picture—plenty. According to the Cranky One the population of the homeland had been reduced to one and in this one lone survivor the Cranky One had a very special interest. This instance was but one of a dozen in which Margaret showed genuine tact and a beautiful graciousness.

When she got to me I canted: "O epitome of all things attractive, how do you do it?"

There was neither hesitancy nor affectation. "It's simple, Ralph. We women by our very nature are supposed to be able to grasp the whole of things. Men are often so centered on their own achievements that they lose the real perspective of things in life."

"My mother was one of the most clever people on earth, so I felt. So did my father. But mother told me frankly one day that cleverness never won a woman

a permanent place in anybody's heart. She insisted that it is a woman's unselfish and sympathetic understanding of the 'entirety,' of the whole of things and all their 'parts' that really counts. She would often repeat that other people do not merely want to be loved; they want to be loved and respected. You give it—and get it in return. Again I say, it's *very* simple."

I didn't argue the point, but I knew that there was more to it. Girls and women, many of whom had but recently enjoyed the comforts of home and were now bending over bleeding and broken bodies, had to harbor more than love and respect. Their constancy demanded even more—it demanded the willingness to sacrifice.

This reminds me of something I heard a few years ago when talking to one of the monks of St. Placid's. I never have forgotten it. It sounded strange at the time. What he said was something like this:

We men need the compensation of what is great and noble in the soul of a woman—and I am speaking in a plane absolutely above the mere material. Look at the life of Christ. His character was influenced and molded more by his mother than by any other creature. Look at the results of the happy combination of virtues and abilities inherent in the soul of a man and woman. We have the fruit of combination best exemplified in many of the Saints of the Church. There are St. Benedict and his twin sister St. Scholastica, Pope St. Gregory VII and Matilda of Tuscany, St. Francis of Assisi and St. Clare, St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane de Chantal. You will find that in every outstanding success—or failure—in history a woman had a very significant role to play. It's not an easy role, but God has given her special gifts for this very purpose.

* * *

A Mother to Her Soldier Son

Private Thomas Gardner
A. S. N., 351166891
CH., 106 Infantry
A. P. O. 27
Post Master, San Francisco

My dearest soldier boy,

"God bless my boy!" I write that first, because, you know, son, it is often on my lips the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. And you should hear your two little sisters whisper their night prayers at the foot of their bed. "Bless Tommy, God," says Rosella, "and make him a good soldier boy," chimes in Eileen. And the rest of us under our breath say, "Amen."

Really, son, I'm so happy today—and it's all on account of you. Of course, we miss you—terribly—but somehow your going away to fight for our coun-

Lieut. Llewelyn glanced once more at his watch. He noted that on September 3rd the opening paragraph mentioned something about fever. The entries were more brief on the succeeding days. On September 15th there was an appendage by Margaret Donovan: "Captain Ralph R. Rawlinson passed away at 2:20 this afternoon. There was no struggle; he had completed the sacrifice of his life during the intense suffering of the four preceding days. May God rest his soul. May God grant that there be many other soldiers with the same cheerfulness, beauty of soul, and courage that distinguished him."

Lieut. Llewelyn noted that her letter carried more detailed information. When he had time he would copy the letter and parts of the diary and send them to his sister Jane. She had joined the WAVES last month. Even if she weren't a nurse, Margaret Donovan and Ralph Rawlinson carried a message to her and to every other woman.

He knew it was late, but instinctively he eyed the dial once more. The exact time really didn't matter—it was late! He leaned forward and reached to the shelf above for his Breviary. There was Compline to say—for Ralph. Tomorrow he would offer Holy Mass for him. He studied the diary for a moment; the script seemed blurred. He bit his lips. The life of a chaplain in the Air Force has its air pockets.

try has seemed to bless us in more ways than one. We knew we were blessed when Edward left to study to become a priest. I see you both, him studying to become a soldier of Christ in his way and you as a soldier of your country—our country—but in being so also trying to be a real soldier of Christ.

You're right, Tommy boy, I have been listening to Fr. McManus again. You should have heard his sermon Sunday. It was all about the boys in the service. From the pulpit were read the names of two boys of the Parish, Stanley Kale and Arthur Burke, who were cited for bravery. Everybody in the parish was talking about the sermon after the Mass. We all felt mighty proud of our boys, who were away only for the time. You know about that Kale boy—I always felt that he was quite a wild one, and I was more than once saying to myself,

"I'm glad my Tommy is not like him." But Sunday I took off my little "old grey bonnet" to him. The Army certainly made a man of him. And then I think how great you're going to be, Tom, since you have so much to start with. You smile. Well, son, that's just a mother's pride in her own boy. Your Daddy just leaned over my shoulder, patted my cheek, and smiled a big smile and said in his own quiet way, "Tell him to stick in there and fight!"

Janet—there I can almost see that change in the flash of your eye—Janet was over again yesterday. Since you have left she comes over every week and we sit and chat about this and that for a few minutes and then we come to the important topic of conversation—you. Tom, I must say that when you first brought Janet around to see us I was doubtful whether she was the girl for you. But I can say now that she is a gem. The love that she has for you is something so great, so pure, that as I sit and listen to her talk of you I thank God again and again that He has brought you two together. She is preparing in more ways than one to become a wonderful wife to you and a daughter to us. I have been doing my best to give her some pointers on cooking and management of the house which will make for a happy home. Janet received your last letters on successive days. The first one must have been delayed somewhere along the road. She read them to me—that is, parts of them, for after all, some parts were meant for only lovers' eyes. Pat and Donny, the rascals, were around when Janet was reading your letters out loud to me and Donny said to Pat loud enough for me to hear, "I betcha she's not reading everything! I betcha!"

Not only is Janet waiting for you, but she is praying for you. From Edward in the Seminary she learned that at St. Meinrad the monks and students are offering up continual prayer for the soldier boys. She immediately submitted your

name and received the assurance that you are being helped by the prayers and Masses of those behind the lines. She herself goes to the Holy Mass as often as she can during the week for you and the other boys in the service. I hope I do not have to tell you that a mother's prayer is always with you. And if you could see the crowded church on Wednesday nights you would realize how much the parish thinks of their boys.

Tommy, I'm glad you told me about your buddy, Private Thornton. I'll write to him regularly and do my level best to cheer him up. I can't for the life of me understand why his folks at home and his friends have not shown greater interest in him. Maybe he didn't have the home that you had.

What you say about the Catholic Chaplain thrills us all. Dad, when he read that part of your letter, simply said, "If he's close to the priest, he's doing all right." That's a mouthful from taciturn Dad.

Is there anything you need, Tommy, that we could send you? If possible, just let us know.

"It's been so good to sit down and chat with you, my boy, and I hope that you will find a great joy in reading this from time to time, if my later letters are delayed. We are all behind you, especially your mother. And somehow I feel as if you are really present, because no one you love is ever really gone.

I must get to the serving of dinner. Here come Donny and Pat looking a sight. . . . That was a pause for a brief order. . . . They told me to tell you to write some of your experiences. They would like to be able to tell them at school.

Grandpa says "hello." He's really reminiscing these days about his war days. Rosella and Eileen send love and kisses. Janet will speak for herself, no doubt. Dad and I send our love and ask God to keep you from harm. God love you, Tommy.

Lovingly,

Mother

S. D. C.

It's not strange that you have never heard of the Spiritual Defense Corps because they're not the boys that "pass the ammunition" and hence go unheralded. Perhaps, though the *Spiritual Defense Corps* of our Minor Seminary can't "Pass the ammunition," they certainly can "Praise the Lord." Desiring actively to do their part in the all-out war effort, all members of the Minor Seminary have enlisted in the S. D. C., which was organized to assist the soldiers serving their God and Country. Besides offering prayers, self-denials, and mortifications daily to beseech God's mercy and assistance for our armed forces, the S. D. C. also lends a hand to chaplains by supplying needful soldiers, marines, and airmen with rosaries, medals,

literature, etc. Also, knowing full well from their own position what joy and pleasure a letter from home brings they have pledged themselves to write faithfully and regularly to their own relatives and friends in the Service. They are well aware of the fact that Uncle Sam can't get along on spiritual assistance alone; so whatever they can do in a material way his nephews show by purchasing Defense Stamps and Bonds. Holy Mother Church herself has great fighting forces in her missionaries; too, she depends greatly upon the hidden and unseen forces of the great dynamos of her praying members. No one can deny both are necessary. In our own country's war effort, the boys of the Minor Seminary pledge to do their part through the forces and under the guidance of the S. D. C.

A WORD TO THE WISE

A four day furlough doesn't leave a service man with any time to waste, especially if he wants to spend part of it at home and happens to be five hundred miles away from that magnetic spot when the furlough begins. Four days is all that was allotted to Ensign Lee Mahoney on what might prove to be his last visit with mother and dad. It was when he boarded the train at Wilmington for the second last lap of his journey that Ensign Mahoney met a pleasant surprise in the person of a fellow-passenger.

Father Henry was a Benedictine monk now, though Ensign Mahoney remembered him better as the gamest boy in the neighborhood, when, in his earliest teens, he challenged all comers to a boxing bout, wrestling match, or tree-climbing contest. Usually it was the future monk who carried away the laurels, and all the youths of the neighborhood had learned to respect his muscular strength and physical endurance. With Mahoney, some years younger, it was more than respect; it was the idolatry of hero-worship coupled with a staunch friendship.

Father Henry's recollections of Mahoney were no less complimentary, for Lee Mahoney could outwit, outrun, and outplay any boy of the town, and that without ever showing the slightest sign of pride, certainly never falling to braggadocio. The joy, then, at the meeting of these two men in the train was mutual.

By the time Ensign Mahoney had removed his overcoat and settled himself as comfortably as train accommodations permit, the usual inquiries about relatives had been made and answered. The priest, Lee learnt, was on his way to conduct a retreat in an eastern convent and would be on the train all the way to Mahoney's destination and beyond.

"Say, Lee," the monk began, "you certainly have a prominent gold bar here on your sleeve. What does this star indicate? Are you an admiral or only a commodore?"

For once Mahoney felt he could give Father Henry some information that learned man didn't have. "Father, for years I have been baffled when trying to figure out the various robes of you priests and religious. Monsignori and bishops, vicars general, and chancellors are titles that I never tried to comprehend. Now, at last, we're even. No, I'm

far from being an admiral or commodore. My rank is that of an ensign—equivalent to a lieutenant in the Army. I suppose to you a minor commissioned officer would be about the best way to explain it."

"You don't mean that the navy actually trusts men to your orders, do you? From what I remember of the way you used to peddle your papers, you ought to make a good 'public relations' man or a recruiting officer for the navy." Father Henry hadn't lost his love for ribbing.

"Yes, Father, the navy has entrusted me with a few subordinates," Mahoney said, and anticipating any more jibes from the jovial monk added, "and the navy makes no mistakes. They must have seen some officer timber in me or I would still be swabbing decks."

"One thing you don't have, Lee, is an inferiority complex."

"Right, Father. That would be a terrible affliction for an officer, and we have it cured on its first appearance."

"Lee, for a long time I have wanted to ask someone this question. Maybe you can answer it for me. In the navy—and the army—what is it that gives an officer his authority over his men? For one man to be respected and obeyed by others, there must be the conviction that he has something they do not have. It can't be wealth, or social prestige, or athletic prowess, though in civilian life, I know, such things do set up a hierarchy. What is it in you your men respect?"

"Father, I suppose it is the education I've received. You know that I graduated from Notre Dame before joining the Navy, and my men realize that I have acquired more than the average education. Knowledge, you know, is power."

"That, no doubt, is part of the answer. But it can't be the whole answer. There are officers in the Army and Navy who did not receive a university education. This magazine here lists fifteen of the first Navy men of the present war to be on the Roll of Honor, and all fifteen, including a Catholic priest, are college graduates. They are all officers, so I presume their education has something to do with their appointment. But there are some officers who never attended either military academies or other colleges. Their native talent and gift for

organization and for handling men are responsible, I suppose, for their appointments."

Lee was ready to concede his point. "Father, I think it is perhaps a combination of these things, physical appearance; education, and natural talent for the work."

But Father Henry wanted to go deeper. He rolled up the magazine that had been lying on his knees and put it into his pocket. "No, Lee, I do not think these things alone would be sufficient to make a good officer. All the knowledge attained in years of study and reading would be useless if the officer could not apply it with energy and determination. An officer must above all else be a man of character, first, of course, knowing *what* to do, but secondly, having the courage and dispatch to *do* it, regardless of human feelings and personal preferences."

"There you've struck something, Father, that is really important. It must be hard to order a group of men into battle or to compel them to stay at their posts when the ship is sinking beneath them. I sometimes wonder where the necessary strength will come from in such a situation."

"You went to Notre Dame, Lee. Surely with your Catholic training you realize how important a part in our lives divine grace must play. Your appointment, it is true, came directly from the Navy commanders, but indirectly it comes from God. He has planned your work from all eternity and has destined you to have a share in the defense of our country. But God has never delegated any authority without at the same time imparting sufficient grace to carry out the delegation. That is the secret of all great heroism in the world. The martyrs in Europe today, the persecuted throughout the world, the valiant men at the front, the fearless airmen and the dauntless leathernecks would be as spineless as worms if it were not for God's grace. St. Peter fished all night and caught nothing, but when he let down the nets at *Christ's command*, he caught a miraculous draught of fishes.

"Now, if your appointment comes from God, and with it the necessary grace to fulfill your duties, and if your men could be brought to realize this, you should never have any difficulty commanding full obedience."

"Father," said Mahoney, "do you see that sailor in the front seat? He is one of my men. But somewhere he picked up a socialist's idea that we are all equals. In the Navy he has to follow orders, but it is truly hard for him. He can't see the idea of having so many officers; every command given him seems to humiliate him."

"Why not call him back here, Lee? Maybe we can make it a bit easier for him."

Ensign Mahoney had his doubts, but Father Henry was back again in the days of challenging all comers. This might turn out to be a pleasant conversation, and then again, it might end otherwise. Tapping the sailor on the shoulder, Lee said, "Brennan, I have a friend back here I'd like for you to meet. Mind coming back?"

Brennan was a Navy "buck private"—a seaman "boot"—and would likely always remain so. He had been dozing when Mahoney spoke to him, and rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, he adjusted his tie and followed the Ensign back a few seats to meet Father Henry.

"How long have you been in the Navy, Brennan?" the priest asked, after the introductions.

"Four years, Sir." The answer was gingerly put.

"Aren't you about ready for a promotion, then?" The monk was leading with a right to the body.

"To me, Sir, a promotion means an increase of pay, but I have no aspirations for command. Maybe Mahoney told you, Sir, I don't believe in all these ceremonies and salutes. I suppose I'll be lucky if I escape court-martial and the doghouse if this war lasts much longer."

Brennan was honest; that pleased Father Henry. "Brennan, sit down here," the father said, moving his coat over to the window. "I once had a similar view of rank and order. I am a priest of a religious order, and in our communities seniority counts for much. Our Rule says the junior must rise when his senior enters, greet him, and offer him a seat—"

"Now that's something, else, Sir," the sailor interrupted. "I stand before my elders, too, and I want the young rookies to respect my years of service, but Mahoney here and I are the same age, went to the same kind of school, grew up in the same neighborhood, enlisted the same day; yet I take my orders from him as if he were ten years my elder. That's something I don't believe in."

"Suppose, Brennan, this train were suddenly to pile up in a wreck. This car, we'll suppose, catches fire and there is a stampede for the doors. Who ought to be given the right of getting out first?"

"Women and children, Sir."

"Then you do recognize some kind of order, Brennan. The fact that women and children have first consideration is not humiliating to the men, is it? In fact, it is considered honorable for men to stand aside in such disasters and let the women and children reach safety first."

"Well, Sir, I don't go so far as to say women should not be considered before men. But if only

men were in this car, I think we should all have an equal right to save ourselves."

"Yes, Brennan, we might all have equal rights, but as soon as we started to exercise them, there would be such disorder and congestion, that probably we should all be crushed to death. We could hope for safety only when the panic subsided and each took his turn leaving the car."

"But, Father," Lee said, "Brennan's problem is rather that no one should give orders to others. He feels it is humiliating to have a fellow his own age or younger ordering him about."

"Well, there's nothing humiliating about doing one's duty. You have a captain on a baseball team; you have a conductor on this train; you have a traffic officer at every busy intersection. But you don't think it humiliating for a ball-player to go to bat when the captain calls him. You don't think a flagman is degraded when a conductor gives him his orders."

"Why should a sailor feel lowered when taking orders from an officer? It is the duty of an officer to command, the duty of a subordinate to obey. Each must do what is proper to him. The engine must pull this train, the cars must follow. No one thinks that it would be equally good for all the cars to pull the engine. What the hand does, to use St. Paul's figure, the head can not do; what the stomach does, the foot can not do. Yet all must be coordinated by the head. A hand, a foot, a head, each acting independently would be a sorry sight. Several cars meeting at an intersection would invariably spell ruin if the drivers refused to recognize order. No less disorderly would be the Navy if the members each started to act independently. Suppose the fireman would not fire the boilers, the navigators would not chart the route, the pilot would try to be steward and the captain would become cabin boy. The ship would drift aimlessly about, eventually striking a reef or becoming stranded on a sand bar."

"What you say, Sir," answered the sailor, "is not new, for we have had it dinned into our ears ever since we enlisted. I suppose that since there is nothing to be done about it I may as well conform to such an order; at least, I can save myself much trouble by doing so. I see we are coming into the Broad Street Station. I am changing trains here, at Philadelphia, Sir. It has been a pleasure to meet you. So long, Ensign; I'll be back at the ship on Friday."

"Not a bad chap, Lee, but he's far from convinced."

"Oh, he knows better, Father. He is jealous of some of his mates, I think."

The train had not yet stopped, but was pulling slowly into the station when Brennan returned in an excited manner.

"Say, Mahoney, did you notice anyone occupying my seat while my back was turned?"

"No," said Mahoney, "why?"

"Because someone made off with my billfold; took it out of my overcoat."

The train jerked to a stop; the sailor's anxiety gave way to wonder and relief as the conductor handed him his billfold and told him the culprit had been caught in the act and now was under arrest. The irony of the situation struck all three at once.

"I'm licked," laughed Brennan. "You must have officers, I see, to keep men in their place."

THE STOP was a short one and the chat was hardly interrupted as a few passengers left the train and a few others took the places they vacated.

"It takes all kinds of people to make the world; doesn't it, Father? There aren't many like Brennan; each man is different. Mahoney had been an officer only a few weeks and was just beginning to realize the tact and forethought required in handling men."

"Lee, there is a very important point about handling men that you would do well to consider. In Latin there is a wise saying: 'Gubernare est providere.' Freely translated it means to govern, one must look ahead. 'To govern is to foresee.' You must observe the usual reactions of your men, as individuals and as a group, and then apply some of the psychology you learnt at Notre Dame."

"Don't expect too much, Father," said the chagrined Ensign; "that was four years ago—and besides, I didn't learn very much of that particular subject."

"It is even better then, Lee, to study yourself, to observe your own likes and dislikes, and then try to apply what you find by entering into the feelings of your men."

"I don't like to study myself too closely, Father, for fear I'll be disappointed. But how can I enter into the feelings of others?"

"To do that, Lee, you must study the tastes of every one of your men. You must know the special talents and the various moods of each. They cannot all be handled alike. Some are moved only by honor; others only by gain. Observe each one and then appeal to the sentiments most likely to produce a favorable reaction. To do that is an art. But you can master the art. In our Holy Rule St. Benedict has laid down a principle for the abbot that you military officers could use with profit. He says in

the third chapter of that Rule that the Abbot should suit his actions to the circumstances, mingling gentleness with severity. The undisciplined and restless among the monks are to be sternly rebuked while the obedient and meek are to be exhorted to higher things. Those, however, who are not amenable to correction, who are contemptuous of authority, the abbot is to reprove and punish. That is one way of 'being all things to all men.' Choose your men for any task according to their individual leanings. Put together characters that are complementary so that the sanguine are checked by the phlegmatic, and the the slow are moved on by the more enthusiastic."

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Father Henry was about to explain his meaning when Lee showed that he had grasped it fully. "Our instructor at the Naval Academy gave us the same thought, I believe, when he said before any military or naval action begins, we must put ourselves into the right disposition of mind and heart. To dispose ourselves after the action has begun, he said, is dangerous. We are told never to start an action with the slightest hesitation."

"Oh, no!" added the priest with determination. "Otherwise your subordinates will fear either that something is going amiss or that you lack the ener-

gy and determination to go through with an order. I may even go further and say that once you have begun an act, you must never change the principles, never withdraw your orders or shift your plans."

"Never, Father?" Mahoney was winking, for he knew strategy sometimes calls for surprise twists.

"Only in case new facts transpire—and even in this case, the men should always be informed of the change and of the facts bringing about the change. If that is not done, the countermanding may demoralize the men. If it should be impossible to explain to the soldiers or sailors, and they can not adjust themselves to the new plan, it would be better to adhere to the original one. For every countermand in a battle is, in a sense, a sign of misfortune."

The monk spoke with something like military knowledge, and Lee felt that he was speaking the truth.

"But Father," he asked, "what can a sailor do when he feels that the orders of his superiors are imprudent, or even ruinous?"

"Not an impossibility, my boy. Do you know that up till the First World War, the Austrian government had a military decoration which it conferred for successful *disobedience*?"

"Now wait a minute, Father. You're pulling my leg, aren't you?"

"No indeed, I'm not. This decoration was instituted under Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia. If an officer saw that a command given him by a superior was imprudent, he could disregard the order and follow his own judgment; but in such a case he assumed full responsibility. If he succeeded he received the coveted decoration. If he failed he had to stand trial and take the consequences."

"That's a strange military arrangement, Father, and, I think, highly dangerous."

"Dangerous? Yes," said Father Henry, "if applied by unscrupulous soldiers. But it has its foundation in a history that goes back to the seventh or eighth century. The first monks to settle in Germany were Benedictines. They brought with them the tradition of the ancient Roman army and the Roman concept of obedience. If a superior gave a command, the command was final. The responsibility rested on the superior. The soldier had simply to obey—no more, no less. There was no criticism of such an order. That is obedience as practiced in the Benedictine Abbeys.

"But the Germans had a different idea. Their military officers were 'leaders' (Hitler calls himself *Fuehrer*) who had the right to command and could demand very hard things of the soldiers. The

men were in this car, I think we should all have an equal right to save ourselves."

"Yes, Brennan, we might all have equal rights, but as soon as we started to exercise them, there would be such disorder and congestion, that probably we should all be crushed to death. We could hope for safety only when the panic subsided and each took his turn leaving the car."

"But, Father," Lee said, "Brennan's problem is rather that no one should give orders to others. He feels it is humiliating to have a fellow his own age or younger ordering him about."

"Well, there's nothing humiliating about doing one's duty. You have a captain on a baseball team; you have a conductor on this train; you have a traffic officer at every busy intersection. But you don't think it humiliating for a ball-player to go to bat when the captain calls him. You don't think a flagman is degraded when a conductor gives him his orders."

"Why should a sailor feel lowered when taking orders from an officer? It is the duty of an officer to command, the duty of a subordinate to obey. Each must do what is proper to him. The engine must pull this train, the cars must follow. No one thinks that it would be equally good for all the cars to pull the engine. What the hand does, to use St. Paul's figure, the head can not do; what the stomach does, the foot can not do. Yet all must be coordinated by the head. A hand, a foot, a head, each acting independently would be a sorry sight. Several cars meeting at an intersection would invariably spell ruin if the drivers refused to recognize order. No less disorderly would be the Navy if the members each started to act independently. Suppose the fireman would not fire the boilers, the navigators would not chart the route, the pilot would try to be steward and the captain would become cabin boy. The ship would drift aimlessly about, eventually striking a reef or becoming stranded on a sand bar."

"What you say, Sir," answered the sailor, "is not new, for we have had it dinned into our ears ever since we enlisted. I suppose that since there is nothing to be done about it I may as well conform to such an order; at least, I can save myself much trouble by doing so. I see we are coming into the Broad Street Station. I am changing trains here, at Philadelphia, Sir. It has been a pleasure to meet you. So long, Ensign; I'll be back at the ship on Friday."

"Not a bad chap, Lee, but he's far from convinced."

"Oh, he knows better, Father. He is jealous of some of his mates, I think."

The train had not yet stopped, but was pulling slowly into the station when Brennan returned in an excited manner.

"Say, Mahoney, did you notice anyone occupying my seat while my back was turned?"

"No," said Mahoney, "why?"

"Because someone made off with my billfold; took it out of my overcoat."

The train jerked to a stop; the sailor's anxiety gave way to wonder and relief as the conductor handed him his billfold and told him the culprit had been caught in the act and now was under arrest. The irony of the situation struck all three at once.

"I'm licked," laughed Brennan. "You must have officers, I see, to keep men in their place."

THE STOP was a short one and the chat was hardly interrupted as a few passengers left the train and a few others took the places they vacated.

"It takes all kinds of people to make the world; doesn't it, Father? There aren't many like Brennan; each man is different. Mahoney had been an officer only a few weeks and was just beginning to realize the tact and forethought required in handling men."

"Lee, there is a very important point about handling men that you would do well to consider. In Latin there is a wise saying: 'Gubernare est providere.' Freely translated it means to govern, one must look ahead. 'To govern is to foresee.' You must observe the usual reactions of your men, as individuals and as a group, and then apply some of the psychology you learnt at Notre Dame."

"Don't expect too much, Father," said the chagrined Ensign; "that was four years ago—and besides, I didn't learn very much of that particular subject."

"It is even better then, Lee, to study yourself, to observe your own likes and dislikes, and then try to apply what you find by entering into the feelings of your men."

"I don't like to study myself too closely, Father, for fear I'll be disappointed. But how can I enter into the feelings of others?"

"To do that, Lee, you must study the tastes of every one of your men. You must know the special talents and the various moods of each. They cannot all be handled alike. Some are moved only by honor; others only by gain. Observe each one and then appeal to the sentiments most likely to produce a favorable reaction. To do that is an art. But you can master the art. In our Holy Rule St. Benedict has laid down a principle for the abbot that you military officers could use with profit. He says in

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officers, however, retained the right to criticize the mistake, and if they were convinced that the leader's command was a mistake, they not only could, but must disregard it. But in doing so they took the responsibility of their action upon themselves."

"How did it work out in the monasteries, Father? It seems like a half-hearted obedience to me." Mahoney pulled out his watch and saw that they should soon be getting to Trenton for his last change.

"Well," said the monk, "the Germans who joined the monasteries rejected the Roman idea of absolute obedience. They preferred to act out of loyalty or fidelity to their superior. It led to a rather critical condition in monasticism and might have resulted in the disintegration of the Order in Central Europe but for St. Benedict of Aniane—a German monk—who under the Emperor Louis the Pious established the Roman idea of obedience. But I must say that there has remained to this day, over and above the obedience, a strain of loyalty to the Abbot as a German monastic contribution. It would almost be safe to say, that even if there were no vow of obedience, the great loyalty of the monks would suffice to insure the carrying out of the Abbot's orders.

"St. Benedict, a Roman, legislated that the monastery should be ruled in a wise way by a wise man. It is our confidence in the superior's *wisdom* that enables us to obey easily. If you can get your men under you to feel confidence in your wise commands, there will be no trouble in getting obedience from them, for they will be faithful and loyal as well as obedient.

"So long as it was the wisdom of the Commander that directed activities, all went well. But wisdom, in our time, has been set aside and *power* has taken its place, so that the soldiers no longer respect the leader's sagacity but his might. That is, of course, a false basis of obedience."

"Another thing, Father, before this visit comes to an end. I often wonder how active a part an officer ought to take in the work of his men. Would you suggest merely indicating what is to be done, or actually and personally seeing the work through in detail?"

"Lee, the amount of personal interest you show in any assignment to your men, manifests how much importance you place on the work. A true leader will always be on hand, encouraging, consoling, inspiring his men. The interest and enthusiasm of the officers will be communicated to the subordinates and it will work wonders if the men are allowed to see what confidence their officers place in them. It is a sign of military genius if an

officer can multiply himself in his men, if he can reveal to them his intentions and wishes so that they come to do his will, as it were automatically, anticipating his preferences. That is *active* discipline, far better than mere passive obedience."

"That sounds fine, Father, but honestly," complained the ensign, "some of the men under me seem never to learn. They act so much like kids you can't help treating them that way."

"The trouble with some of you officers, Lee, is that you lack patience. You want results at once, and our American lads are not used to such perfect cooperation. When you find that you have to administer a rebuke to your men, start out with a word of appreciation for their good intentions at least. Don't crush in them the hope of hearing an occasional word of praise. Most of them *want* to do the right thing and with the proper encouragement they will give satisfaction."

"That's no lie, Father. I have been edified over and over by the good will of my men—even those who profess no religion and apparently have no training in character habits."

"You will find, Lee, that these so-called unchurched men are most eager for a word of explanation or an instruction in religion. Of course, you have to adapt your instruction to the individual. Try to suit the lesson to the mood and desire. I don't believe in ignoring a man's capacity like the professor of Greek Literature who gave his cook a Greek dictionary for Christmas. What satisfies you is not always proper for your men. You may feel like reading a chapter from the Bible when your men feel like whooping it up a little. But you will accomplish more by considering their feelings at the moment."

"Doesn't that sometimes imply a compromise of principles, Father?"

"Not at all, my boy. When there is a question of right and wrong you must be firm. Use the occasion to drive home a lesson to your men. Too often we excuse our indifference and inactivity with the thought, 'They wouldn't understand anyway.' But probably they would, if it were properly explained to them—And another thing Lee, if your men have been guilty of some minor infringement of their rules, it is generally sufficient with men of good will to let them know—firmly and without delay—that you have noticed the violation. Even should their negligence be serious, and you must correct it vigorously at once, you'd better not punish the violation until you have given it quiet consideration. I suppose it is all contained in the Golden Rule—'Do unto another as you would have another do unto you.' In the monastery we get the

same effect by saying: 'A superior should *act* like a father but speak like a confrere.' Maybe that wouldn't be bad advice for the Navy."

"Father," said the seaman gratefully, "you monks ought to be good psychologists. You live so close together in your Abbey you must often observe what is tactful and what is not in treating with our fellowmen. Have you a point or two on that for me before we reach the station?" Mahoney started to gather his belongings and to brush his clothes as he spoke.

"Ambitious to be made an admiral, are you? Well, Lee, the best way *not* to get along with your men is to treat them like children. No one likes to be looked down upon. Give your men credit for their years."

"Very true, Father, I have noticed that if I treat even my weakest men as if they were perfect, they often feel so flattered at the courtesy that they try to appear and try to become perfect."

"Trenton! . . . Trenton!" The conductor an-

nounced the station, and the passengers moved into the aisle.

"Righto, Lee. Never treat your men as automations. Let them see that you appreciate them and that you are trying to make life as pleasant for them as possible. Soldiers and sailors are the best citizens of the land. The trouble is that many of them have never experienced a true friend. The heart of a soldier is no different from any other. It wants love—a deeper love than they find in a passing acquaintance with the hostesses or cadets—"

"Go easy, Father. Those are swell kids."

"I see you are a cavalier, Lee, so I won't say a word about the girls. Goodbye and God bless you."

"Goodbye, Father. Remember me in the dip-tychs—and if any of my men find their way to you, tell them some of the things you have been telling me. And with the prayers of all we'll try to give our country what it wants—the best fighting force in the world."

Victory in Red and White

VICTORY is a word which thrills every American, starts the bands a-playing and sends men marching away from home to suffer wounds and death; a word which rouses American Catholics from cozy beds early in the morning and sends them hurrying along the city streets or country highways to Holy Mass; a word which forces every God-fearing American to kneel and pray. Young people sing and dance for it in the USO centers of the nation; men and women buy war bonds for it; soldiers and sailors fight and die for it in the smoke of battle; men and women work sleepless nights for victory in the defense plants of the United States; but is this all that we are going to do as a people to deserve victory?

Victory is not something that comes to a people who will not fight for it, or who will not live pure and holy lives to deserve it. Victory must be won by America in two ways: On the battlefields by resistance unto blood; this is the work of our armed forces. Victory must also be won behind our battlefields by purity and holiness of life; this is the work of our unarmed forces of American men, women, and children.

Some of the soldiers and sailors who go forth upon the battlefields and high seas to resist the enemy even unto wounds and violent death, whose names are on the honor rolls of our Churches and clubs, and whose service stars hang bravely in the windows of American homes are your sons and

brothers, your husbands and sweethearts. They go forth in navy blue and army brown, but before this war is over many of those uniforms will be dyed red with American blood, for victory must first be won on the battlefields.

But Victory may be won by the army and navy on the front-line and lost behind the front-line by the American people who betray America with unholy lives. If we want victory let us have holiness in our defense plants, and purity in the hearts of American men and women engaged in war work. That man or woman does America a pitiful service who works night and day making munitions to defend the nation, and then invites the curse of God on the United States by a filthy tongue and an impure life. If we are to pass the ammunition to the men at the front, then we must also praise the Lord, not with lip service and Sunday school hymns, but with the homage of pure hearts and chaste bodies; America needs holiness more than she needs efficiency.

When we behold our country's flag let the red stripes remind us of the price of victory paid by our armed forces in the field—sacred American blood; and let the white stripes remind us of the price of victory at home—the flaming white purity and holiness of the unarmed forces of the United States. May America deserve VICTORY. May God bless America through us—the American people.

A Private Revelation

Concerning Universal Adoration of Atonement

NOTE: The following revelation has been submitted to competent ecclesiastical authorities, and pending their decision we suspend all judgment on the case, and in all humility accept whatever judgment is rendered.

IN AUGUST, 1940, our Savior appeared to me, His unworthy servant Mary, and He said: "Universal Perpetual Adoration of the Eucharistic Jesus is God's remedy for our sin-afflicted world." I remembered to have read these words in a booklet about Perpetual Adoration, and I asked Him if the definition of Universal Perpetual Adoration as given in that booklet were correct. He answered that it was "true and genuine." The definition is as follows: "*Universal Perpetual Adoration is the perpetual adoration of Our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, day and night, in every Tabernacle of the world where it is possible and feasible; not necessarily exposed on the altar.*...."

Our Savior assured me that He was asking for perpetual adoration in this manner, that He would be pleased with the spread of this devotion, and that great spiritual advantages would be gained by those who practiced it.

Then our Savior told me that because of present world-wide wars and revolutions there was a special and most pressing need of atonement for sin, and for this reason He desired *daily exposition* of the Blessed Sacrament in every church where it was possible, and especially throughout the United States of America. He suggested that the time of exposition be from sunrise until midnight, and gave me to understand that the adoration (and exposition) was to be offered "*as atonement and reparation for sins and crimes committed because of war conditions.*" He further explained that it would be impossible in some places to have nocturnal adoration, and that adoration during the day would suffice. But He added: "In many convents and in churches where it is possible, they will have nocturnal adoration; and this will make up for the lack of it in those places where nocturnal adoration cannot be held."

The following quotation is in our Savior's words, as well as I can remember them: "It is My wish that this revelation be referred to the Holy Father to inform him of My desire and longing; so that he may make it known throughout the whole world, to have in all churches wherever possible and feasible, daily exposition and adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, so that every Christian may have an opportunity of making at least a half-hour of adoration daily. This adoration must be universal and lasting every day, and must be offered as a reparation and a satisfaction for the many crimes and outrages which are committed during the present wars and revolutions against the Blessed Sacrament: by being expelled from the Tabernacle, by the murder of My priests, by the destruction of churches, by the leading of so many of the faithful into utter apostasy. Atonement is required, and this demanded adoration of the Eucharist is God's remedy for our sin-afflicted world. This adoration and atonement, in union with the many novenas for peace, and the prayers to My Blessed Mother Mary, will bring peace to the world. Yes, if enough atonement and satisfaction is offered, and if the faithful beseech Me as their Divine Savior with hope and confidence, I shall work the wonder which is necessary to bring the war to an end and to bestow peace to the world."

In September of 1940, on the Feast of the Seven Dolors, our Blessed Mother appeared to me and urged that this form of Universal Perpetual Adoration be referred to the Holy Father.

The saintly Father Theophilus Reisinger, O.M.Cap., (my former confessor) began appearing to me shortly after his death, and he too has often reiterated this same message. He urged that it be brought to the attention of the Church Authorities in America, and said that Christ would be satisfied if it were practiced in the United States.

Some time during the month of November, 1941, our Savior complained to me of the many sins of sacrilege committed against the Blessed Sacrament in the United States. He mentioned also the sins and crimes seated in the divorce problem and the birth-control movement—the adulteries, the abortions and other murders—the filthy shows, lewd literature, and the general contempt in which the Commandments of God are held. Besides all this He referred to the scandal given by fallen-away Catholics, and the almost universal abandonment of God and Religion.

On the 8th of December, 1941, right after the attack on Pearl Harbor, our Blessed Mother again reminded me of what had been said previously, and further admonished: "It is high time now for the inauguration of Universal Perpetual Adoration, and for reparation and atonement to be made by all Christians." ...

Our Savior has been urging me very often of late to make His will known so that this devotion may become established. On one of His visits I asked Him explicitly about *exposition*, and He was insistent that the Blessed Sacrament be exposed for a time each day. He also said: "It is to be understood that this *Universal Adoration of Atonement* is to be practiced only during war-time, and until I shall work the wonder which is necessary to bring the war to an end and to bestow peace to the world."

In view of the fact that the recipient of this *private revelation* is not permitted to disclose her identity, I am assuming the responsibility of vouching for the correctness of the statement accredited to her because I was present when she related to her spiritual director what our Savior revealed in the matter of Perpetual Adoration.

JOHN A. GRENNAN,
Attorney at Law
Oakland, California

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